Oregon County History: Trails to Springs, Waterways and Camps

Written by Max Evans

Contributions by: Carl Chapman, Anna Jean Keller, Robert "Bob" Langston, Sandra Bryan Morgan, Luella Agnes Owen, Alice Roland

Photographs and Research by Lindan Shann Caldwell
Digital Editor Jenny Underwood

PRESERVE YESTERDAY - ENRICH TOMORROW

The Oregon County Historical Society publishes Oregon County History with no intent of harm or defamation of character to any person, living or dead. Reference to historical events may or may not have been researched. The stories are printed as they are told. ome may be folk tales. Although the edidtorial staff made every effort to avoid errors and correct them, some were inescapable.

No Part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisehr or author. An exception will be the e-book which can be purchased separately.

Published by Back Home Pubs
P.O. Box 766
Mammoth Spring AR 72554
ocmohistory@gmail.com
417-203-0005

Other Published Books can be ordered online from Amazon or from the History Club

Oregon County History Books

Preserve Yesterday
Enrich Tomorrow

Available on Amazon and through the Oregon County History Club

Oregon County History Book Summary
(Volume 1)

Oregon County History Book I: Preserve Yesterday - Enrich Tomorrow
(Volume 2)

The Irish Wilderness Yesterday and Today: The Story of Father Hogan and the Irish Settlement

Oregon County Growing Up

Historical Sketches of the Warm Fork Hill Country

Oregon County History: The Harpoles of Myrtle, Missouri

Oregon County History: Memories of World War II

Oregon County History The Eleven Point River, Ferrys, Crossings, Mills Billmore (Volume 7)

Oregon County History: Stories Told at my Daddy's Knees

This book is dedicated to **Bob Langston and Max Evans**
And to those who take the time to become scribes of stories
dedicated to preserving the
History of Oregon County.

And special thanks to **Dorothy Ellis** who made us preserve history by making areas into State and National Parks. And to the CCC & WPA gangs who planted trees and built lakes, schools, roads, and parks in Oregon County.

Robert "Bob" Langston introduced the CCC Camp History Oregon County History Club, commissioned maps drawn that are hanging in the Thayer, MO and Alton, MO library, and generally brought many historical references to meetings he attended. He was given a plaque for his service and the History club declared an official Robert Langston Day.

Members of
The Oregon County History Club issue a:
Robert Langston Proclamation

and give
THANKS for all the work he did

To Establish headstones and memorials for fallen Civil War Soldiers.
To create maps for mills and older places visible in the local libraries.
To serve and record the activities of the CCC Camps.
He promoted pride, competence and goodwill in the Community.

Bob Langston will go down in history as a force for compassion and historical preservation making Oregon County a better place to remember.

Today, October 11, 2015 is hereby proclaimed

Bob Langston Day
in Oregon County Missouri

Beyond that he instilled a curiosity to know more about the CCC Camps and Trails in the Oregon County Ozarks.

Chapters

Page	Title
1	Introduction
1	The Start of the Trail: Mammoth Spring
5	Granny Blue by Anna Jean Keller
13	Trails to Warm Fork of Spring River: Max Evans
23	Grand Gulf
23	Dorothy Ellis and her Trails to Eternit by Jenny Underwood
24	Preservation of Grand Gulf
27	The Irish Wilderness
29	Greer Mill
33	Moving on Upstream by Max Evans
36	"The Ranch." By Sondra Morgan
45	The Beatles visit the Ozarks
51	The Ranch changes Ownership
52	Trails to Alton
66	The CCC Camps
70	Bardley CCC Camp No. 3751 Bardley, Missouri by Robert "Bob" Langston
74	CCC Camps in the Ozarks by Alice Roland
77	The W.P.A (Work Progress Administration) Built Trails and Schools by Bill F. Combs
79	Indian Trails History by Dr. Carl Chapman
84	Oregon County Caves: The Grand Gulf by Luella Agnes Owen
88	Greer Spring by Luella Agnes Owen

INTRODUCTION

Trails takes you on a journey to many of the geological wonders of Oregon County and beyond. The natural habitat springs from foothills with karst layers of earth and the trails that have emerged to find them. The orginal trails were built by Indians who relied on the springs and rivers for their livelihood. The roads were built to transport wagons, cars, and tractors to town but the streams and rivers makes trails of their own. This book explores the first of a series on Trails. But we encourage you to get out there and discover some of these trails with your family as it embodies a unique view of history and culture of Oregon County.

Highway 19

The Start of the Trail

Starting just north of Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, over into Missouri is Highway 19, the first designated scenic roadway in Missouri and one of the most scenic roadways anywhere. Going north from Thayer, it winds its way past Alton, through Eminence, Salem, and across Interstate

44 at Cuba. Highway 19 continues on north to Hermann and ends at the Illinois state line near Hannibal, Missouri.

It's basically a trail to some of the largest and most unique springs in the world.

Highway 19 with it's many curves and bridges have been redone, and it's about the close as you can come to an "Indian trail" albeit a blacktopped one. That's because the Indians relied on the region around the springs and rivers of Missouri for a livelihood. They tell us that the Osage, Delaware, and Shawnee tribes were present with the Osage maintaining predominant hunting rights. (See Indian Trails in the Appendix).

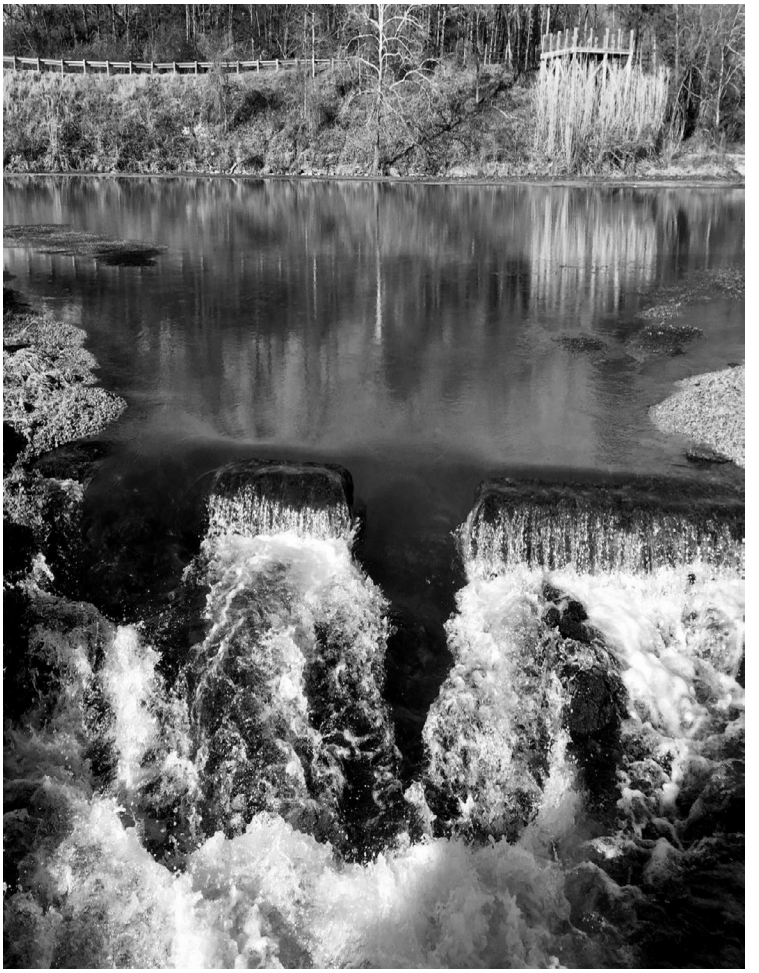
Drive "19" and see if you don't agree that it is a lovely trip. Advice from local people will be almost non-existent because very few of them have traveled the length of the highway that starts about 100 yards north of the state line with Arkansas and ends at near the state border of Illinois near Hannibal, Missouri, and the Mississippi River. For the most part, people in the area avoid Highway 19 and its hilly curves, especially since the Interstates were constructed and the U. S. Highways have been upgraded.

Some of this country's largest springs and prettiest rivers can be found along Highway 19. For a part of the trip, you will be driving through the hardwood forests of the Mark Twain National Forest. Geologically, this drive is hard to beat, and it is the best to plan on taking this route in the spring of the year. Autumn is particularly scenic when the leaves turn, but the springs and rivers will be flowing more fully in the spring. For canoeing and kayaking, that is especially true.

If you live close to Thayer or Mammoth Spring, you may be excused from this part of the journey and pick up the road at the edge of Alton, but hopefully, you will take time to explore the immediate area and look for things you may not know about or have missed.

To journey to the springs along Highway 19, the Mammoth Spring State Park visitor center is a good place to start with its books, maps, and pictures. Walk around the perimeter of the spring.

Remember the story of the cave at the Grand Gulf where bales of hay were dropped and showed up in Mammoth Spring through a large underground river.



Joe Senn and Dory's Ward, in their book, "The Warm Fork Country," said that Ridley Thomas was the earliest settler on record in the region. He was living in a cabin north of the Mammoth Spring in 1818. William Lindley claimed squatter's rights on forty acres next to the spring in 1828, then sold out to William Allen, a young man, who with his new wife migrated from Tennessee. William Allen built a small mill at the spring. Then in 1850, Bill Mills and his brother Joe from up in Missouri came and built a larger dam and mill at basically the same spot. Others, probably about 25-50 people, people came and settled on the high ridge northwest of the spring. They felt that it was not healthy to live in the low places close to the water. The settlers for the first twenty years referred to the spring as the "Big Spring" or "Head of the River."

Dr. David Owen, the first State Geologist for Arkansas, in an 1857 report, referred to the spring as the "Mammoth Spring." It's most likely that the spring and later the town took its name from that report because the earliest settlers had called it, "Head of the River."

The first store in the new, "Head of the River," town was put

in by Daniel Woolford, the father-in-law of Bill Mills. After the Civil War, James Deaderick in 1874, came and built a log house (the log house was torn down to build the Riverbend Restaurant) and bought the mill now owned by H. T. Trantham, a Mammoth Spring merchant. The railroad was originally planned for the area just northeast of the spring but moved two miles north to where the town of Thayer and the railroad terminal was situated in 1882. It happened that way because of a dispute over the price of the land. It seems that a couple of men had invested in the land, probably hoping to make a profit, but Mr. Nettleton would not meet their price.

A photograph taken during the winter on Spring River in Mammoth Spring, Arkansas. The photo shows the Nettleton Hotel, which opened in 1890 and was destroyed by fire in November of 1932. The date the photograph was taken is unknown.

At any rate, in 1886, Mr. Napoleon Hill, a wealthy businessman from Memphis, happened to be taking the train north and got off the train car, while it stopped near the Mammoth Spring. He, reportedly fell in love with the area as he felt the cool air off the cold water. He came back in 1887 and bought the land and rights to the water and put in the dam in 1888. It's the one that is still there. The town boomed, with nice hotels, business, and manufacturing made possible by the water power. It became a destination for Memphis people, especially in the summer. There was a beach behind the Nettleton Hotel, and they had a shuttle car that met each train and picked up at the Depot. It was advertised as a resort. (In the twenties, before it burned, Mr. Doak

Gillespie, (Wally, Jack and Catherine's dad) was the manager of the Nettleton Hotel.)

The young Ragan couple had gone up the Warm Fork of the Spring River and established a farm about a mile northeast of the future town of Thayer. At that time, only a few people, including Mr. Clift, was in the settlement known as Clifton a short distance from Allen's farm. Clifton was one of the earliest settlements in the area. It will be on the right up on the hill after you cross the Highway 19 bridge going north. Part of the original store is still there. After William Allen died, his wife remarried a man named Blue. He was a civilian but lost his life during the Civil War. She became known as Granny Blue. Her cabin was near the house that now belongs to Maureen Martin Calvin of Thayer. The near-by crossing of the Warm Fork River was for years known as N. B. Allen Ford. Granny Blue's handwritten account in 1904, gives a keen insight into the early days of the area.

Granny Blue by Anna Jean Keller

(transcribed from the original and used with permission).

I was born Matilda Evans, August 1, 1813, in Fentress County, Tennessee, being one of a large number of children born to William and Susan Evans on the family farm, near Caney Creek. My Father, along with two of his brothers were soldiers under the command of General Jackson and was in the battle of the Horseshoe in the Creek War. But let me say something right here and now about that name William. I was married, three times and each of my husbands (as was my Father) were named William. Since the day of my birth, "William" has been the man in my life.

Now, in the year 1904, it is my pleasure to look back for almost a century, and I can say this of my childhood--it now seems to me it was a brief period of time indeed. In fact, my childhood was but a very few years for I was married at age 16 to a young man named William Ragan, the son of our neighbors. I have no idea when I first met my husband. We were children together, attended the same

school and church, and when we reached the proper age, the most natural thing in the world, it seemed to me, was to be the wife of Bill Ragan.

Our families were rural farm people, and the country was rolling and hilly, partly wooded, spring-fed, very similar in appearance and climate to the place where I was destined to spend the balance of my life, in the vicinity of the big spring they now call Mammoth Spring.

I suppose you could say the Ragan family was a bit more well-to-do than we Evans. In any case, they owned two slaves, and we had none. But we lived in similar frame houses, ate the same foods, and dressed about the same.

The difference in Fentress County where I was born, and the Warm Fork country where I have lived so long, is not in appearance--rather the fact that the land in Tennessee had been settled for generations. The good farms were all taken up, and any land for sale was much too expensive for a young couple to consider buying. Before we were married, Bill Ragan had already decided we would go across the Mississippi--to find land in the Territory of Arkansas. I told him I would be happy anywhere with him. Several families from our county had already moved into the Arkansas territory, and we heard of land free for the taking, either by simple squatter's rights or by government grant for those willing to work and prove up a farm.

And so, in 1829 we were married, and received as a wedding gift from the Ragans, two young slaves, a strong, healthy male named Jake, and a female some ten years older than I, who always insisted on calling herself "Nigger Lou."
We traveled to the Cumberland, where we took passage on a riverboat to the Ohio, down the Mississippi, up the White River to Batesville, Arkansas, where we began looking for land. Batesville was a settled town, even in 1829, and the best land was mostly taken up. We purchased wagons, horses, basic supplies and headed north upland where the country seemed to improve to our way of thinking--looking a great deal like our old home in Tennessee along the Caney Creek.

We followed trails, horse paths, sometimes on the ridges, at other times along the streams and found very few settlements. We came to the Spring River and followed its west bank to its source--the big spring where we camped a few days. At this time, early 1830, there was a tiny settlement there, less than half a dozen cabins and outbuildings and about four families; Lindley, Marshall, Lundy, and Allen. (We learned sometime later the wife of this Mr. Allen had died only the previous year). These kind people welcomed us to the land of the big spring and told my husband of good land, not being owned or farmed by anyone just a mile or two on up the Warm Fork of Spring River.

Now, in 1904, I recall with amazement the things fate held in store. Little did I realize then this man Allen was destined to be my second husband, and my first born daughter would be married to a son of this Lindley family; that Civil War would come to this land; new towns would grow along the stream. I have been asked many times to tell "of the big spring country in those long-ago days--the look of the land; the living conditions" as we experienced them. I can only recall in the manner of a busy wife and mother--the need to provide for the happiness and health of my family and their upbringing.

My husband, Bill Ragan, died in 1843 and in our 14 years of marriage. God gave us seven children--and took my husband and five of the little ones. This is what I remember of the living in those days. When we first came to the head of the river, we knew nothing of the location of the Missouri state line. Missouri had been a state for some 8 or 9 years but the exact southern boundary in our country not been determined. In fact, this was the work of Mr. Allen and his men who were government surveyors. The Territory of Arkansas was formed about 1819 and the old survey marked the boundary to the north of our Warm Fork farm (near the present Thayer). It was not until 1844 when the new survey was made that the line was moved south a mile and a quarter that we realized that for the 14 years we had lived on the Warm Fork we had been living in the State of Missouri.

My husband took sick in the winter of 1843 and died of a fever. Our good neighbors, the Lindleys and Marshalls gave me help and comfort during this time of mourning and with their help, my husband,

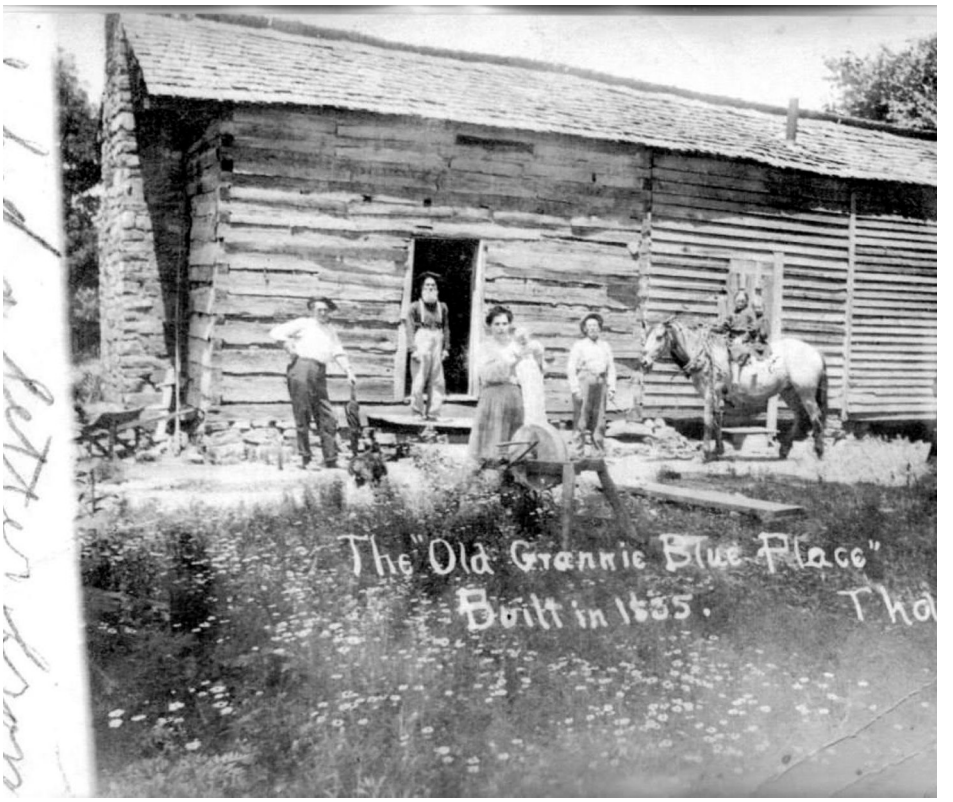
William Ragan, was buried in the cemetery near the big spring. Mr. W.B. Marshall agreed to serve as the administrator of my husbands estate, but with sickness in his own family, he asked to be excused. Mr. T.B. Goney, Clerk of the Circuit Court, appointed Mr. William Allen to assist me in this legal matter (there being few here that could read and write). In 1845, when he returned from one of his survey trips, this fine and gentle man, William Allen called on me and made a formal proposal of marriage—and we were married before the year was out.

As Mrs. William Allen, I took leave of the old Warm Fork farm and moved my family, along with the slaves, to the home of Mr. Allen, on the little hill overlooking the Mammoth Spring. At that time, my surviving children numbered two; Polly Ann, then age 12, and Thomas Benton, 2.

For nine happy years, I lived near the spring as Mrs. William Allen--we expanded our land holdings and bought one more male slave for field labor. During this time, three children were born to us; a son in 1851 and a daughter in 1853--a third child dying in infancy. We named our son Napoleon Bonaparte; the daughter, Perlina. This was a time of change in the settlement at the spring. More families; more houses; and we now had a store selling much of our needed supplies, where we had previously relied on peddlers that came through every few months. It was during this time, the early 1850's, that I became a church member. I felt my life was changed and had new meaning, in this work. Although Jake would not attend service, Nigger Lou would always accompany me but did not receive membership. I recall an occasion to differ with the elders in their insistence that the slaves take seats at the back of the building. I am happy to say we never mistreated our slaves. Never did they try to run away. They felt like members of our family, and we worked with them in the fields. Mr. Allen sold his small grist mill he had built years earlier, to William L. and Joseph F. Mills; in 1850, and they rebuilt and enlarged it with two runs of forty-inch stones. There was increased activity, and they ground the grain of farmers living 30-40 miles away.

We grew wheat, oats, corn; raised sheep and hogs; and had some cattle and horses. The 4th of July was always a time for celebration and

a reunion with friends. These were happy years,--until the winter of 1854 when the yellow fever came to our settlement. We were shocked and saddened by the sudden death of Mr. William L. Mills, operator of the grist mill, -- and three days later my husband, William Allen was dead.



The days and weeks became a time of overwhelming grief for me. I found myself, at age 41, again widowed and left alone to care for my children. Since coming to Arkansas. I had buried my husbands and six children in the little cemetery beside the Mammoth Spring. The memory was more than I could bear and in 1855 I took my two children (the surviving children by my first husband having married by this time, and had their own homes), and returned to the old farm on the Warm Fork. Little did I realize then, that almost 30 years later a railroad would be built just a half mile from my field, and a new town would be built at the place where tiny Two Mile Creek joins the Warm Fork. I sold all my property at the big spring for a sum which, at that time, was considered substantial and I set about enlarging the old cabin Bill Ragan, and Jake had built 25 years earlier when we first arrived from Tennessee.

My work--my goal in life, at this time, became the proper raising and education of my children; little Napoleon, then age 4, and my daughter, Perlina, age 2. There were no schools in our country at that time; the sum total education my children were ever to receive, in their youth, came from my efforts--from my schooling in Tennessee.

I think perhaps the greatest happiness of my life came when the new town of Augusta was built, and my son, (by then called "N.B.") founded and operated the first newspaper there; the Augusta Record. His writing was excellent and his spelling ability was greater than his own grandchildren. Before he died, William Allen had instructed me in the use of his surveying instruments, and I passed this knowledge on to our son, and while still in his teens, he worked for the county in this capacity.

In 1858, while in my, 45th year, an event occurred that I would not, earlier have believed I could consent to. I received a proposal of marriage from Mr. William Blue, a man living in our county only a short while--and to my own surprise, I found myself in agreement with his proposal. I imagine I must admit I felt my son, then age 7, needed a father--a man's influence on his upbringing -- and in the fall of that year, we were married.

Some years later, I heard of my neighbors account as she saw it: Mr. Blue brought a minister from Thomasville, and as they rode down the road to my farm, I was standing on the door-step; sweeping. We entered the house for the ceremony which required only a few minutes. As Mr. Blue and the minister mounted their horses and rode back toward Thomasville, I again stood on the step – broom in hand—sweeping.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, my husband, William Blue, revealed to me his involvement and his strong feeling for the Southern Cause. Outwardly a quiet man, a gentleman from the South, be we shared a common faith in the Confederacy. Soon the war raged near us. Violent men rode throughout the Warm Fork country. Mr. Blue remained a civilian, being past the age for forced induction – but he made

many "business trips" both north into the Union controlled territory, and south into Arkansas. He told me but little of his work—only later did I come to realize the extent of his activities—the desperate fighting to support the soldiers of the South; to provide them with supplies, horses, weapons. As a private citizen, he was able to pass through the territory controlled by the army. I recall seeing one such pass dated May 4, 1862, "Pickets and outposts will pass Mr. Blue and Mr. Baker to the 4th Regimental Iowa Cavalry, and return – with horses, etc. " Signed; Captain A. B. Paskill, Company E., the 4th Iowa Cavalry.

Bands of horsemen—our southern fighters, used our farm as an assembly point and as a hide-out when the Federal scouts came in retaliation for their raids. On more than one occasion, horses captured from the Union Soldiers were concealed in our stable—for transfer to our men in Arkansas.

At the height of the war—1863- I received word that my husband was dead; never to learn the manner of his death nor even the location his grave. I knew him as a quiet gentleman, a good father, a man of peace; yet he died of violence in fighting for the cause we believed in.

It soon became obvious the war would soon be over—lost to our way of thinking. I continued to permit our loyal fighters to use the farm and stables in their raids. Without their protection, I could not have remained there. Almost every house and building had been burned all along the Warm Fork. I heard there was not a house standing in West Plains. Even now, I wonder how we survived those years—perhaps our closeness to Arkansas—our raiders were never far from Mammoth Spring.

At war's end, I told the slaves they were free to leave. Old Jake, who had come from Tennessee with us, so long ago, remained on the farm a few days—then claiming his freedom without a word, walked up the road, never to return. Nigger Lou stayed with me for the rest of her life, and when she died in 1888, I buried her in a "white" cemetery across the road from my farm.

By the early 1870's conditions were greatly improved and a new settlement was being built just a mile up the river from our farm. George Clift and his large family had built a store and several houses—they were calling it "Clifton", and it was a great convenience to buy supplies there, and a post office was established in George's store. I could receive mail from my sisters in Tennessee days earlier than the old mail service from Alton.

The early 1880's brought the railroad, and the new Division Point. Our main concern at the hearing of the railroad, was that it would be built down Two Mile Creek, and bypass Clifton where my son was in business partnership with George Clift and had married George's sister Emma. In 1881, N. V. started a general store at Mammoth Spring—believed to be the site of the Division Point—to be best located for the expected boom, when it was learned the Division would create a new town—and to be built on the farm belonging to Marion Allen, my husband William Allen's son. I was also surprised that my son's first business in the new town would be printing and newspaper work. I remember the first business envelopes he printed for his own use, "The Augusta Record, N. B. Allen Proprietor, Division, Oregon County, Missouri."

As the widow of Mr. Blue, I soon came to realize that my neighbors were beginning to refer to me as "Granny Blue"-and I was pleased and happy to be so called—in memory of this courageous man. The"Granny" part was certainly correct—I was blessed with many descendants, and in my later years these little ones became my greatest joy and reason for living.

Now, in my ninety-first year, I live with my daughter, my last born, in her home in Mammoth Spring, Arkansas, where, as newly-weds,

we camped for a few days—so long ago. Tomorrow will be Christmas Eve, December 24, 1904—here at the Head of the River.

Thayer, as most are aware, was established by the Kansas City, Ft. Scott and Memphis Railroad in 1882. First, called Division by the railroad construction workers and then named Augusta by Mr. Nettleton, builder of the railroad, which was his wife's name but that was rejected by the post office department as another town in Missouri was already named that. He selected the name of Thayer in honor of Nathaniel Thayer, an investor on the railroad board of directors. (There's no record of Mr. Thayer ever visiting his namesake).

The Frisco (SL&SF) Railway took over the line in 1901. The Frisco was bought by the BNSF (now owned by Buffet's Hathaway Company) on November 21, 1980.

Trails to The Warm Fork of Spring River by Max Evans

At Thayer, Oregon County, Missouri and the surrounding hillsides, there were well-worn trails to "the creek." That's what we called it but more accurately it the Warm Fork of Spring River. That's what maps called it, but no one else ever called it that, not that I am aware of. We were most fortunate because "The Creek" was perfect for boys and some girls. It waited patiently for summer. Summer was from the time school let out in May until September (Labor Day) when our freedom was curtailed in a stuffy classroom. When I saw the movie "A River Runs Through It," I thought, "Well I lived in that town that had a river run through it, and while we couldn't catch big trout on a fly rod, we certainly could have fun and while away the hot afternoons at the creek."

Moms were aware of the stories about cold water, like in the Spring River further south, that could be a problem with cramping and drowning. So it was sort of an unwritten rule that we had to wait 30 minutes after lunch before we were cleared to leave for the creek. We had one more rule that was just as hard to keep, and that was, "Be home by supper time." You'd think that would be easy to do but time had a way of creeping up on you when you were having fun with a bunch of older boys, that didn't always adhere to rules except

their own while we were "up on the creek." Being "up on the creek" was a living book on "How Not to Reach Manhood." Rusty barbed wire, nails, broken glass and sharp stones were only a few of the lurking items that could ruin your day or at least send you home to get kerosene poured on it or worse, having to get stitches at Dr. Cooper's office. Being on the alert as we ran around barefooted at the creek was a must. Water moccasins thought they had first rights to the creek and most of the time they did, but there were all kinds of little critters, leeches, mosquitos, chiggers, ticks, and bugs that was a nuisance, but not enough to keep us away.

For Thayer town kids, the trail "up the creek" started at the Warm Fork Bridge (1912-1959) and went upstream on the west side of the creek. We walked across the railroad tracks in town, at the foot of Chestnut Street, across the small "Two Mile Creek" bridge and went up the creek to any of a half-dozen places to swim.

We need to explain. I hate to sound like an old-timer, but it's true. The Warm Fork was a much larger stream in those days (the nineteen forties) than it is today, unbelievably so. What it was like years before that is, of course, another question. Many of the "swimming holes" were more than six or eight feet deep. The water under the "old iron bridge" was deep enough to swim, maybe five or six feet deep and now it's only knee deep.

Warm Fork Clearing

The hydrologists at Missouri University at Rolla, (formerly Rolla School of Mines) have made extensive studies and say that it is a common problem all over the Ozarks. It started, they say with the clearing by the timber industry around the turn of the century (1900) and then the great peach era that denuded the hills of trees. Since then, farming and bulldoz-

ing has been notorious for causing silt to fill up springs and creeks. Because of the increased water use and fast run off the water tables have dropped and the streams have filled up with silt.

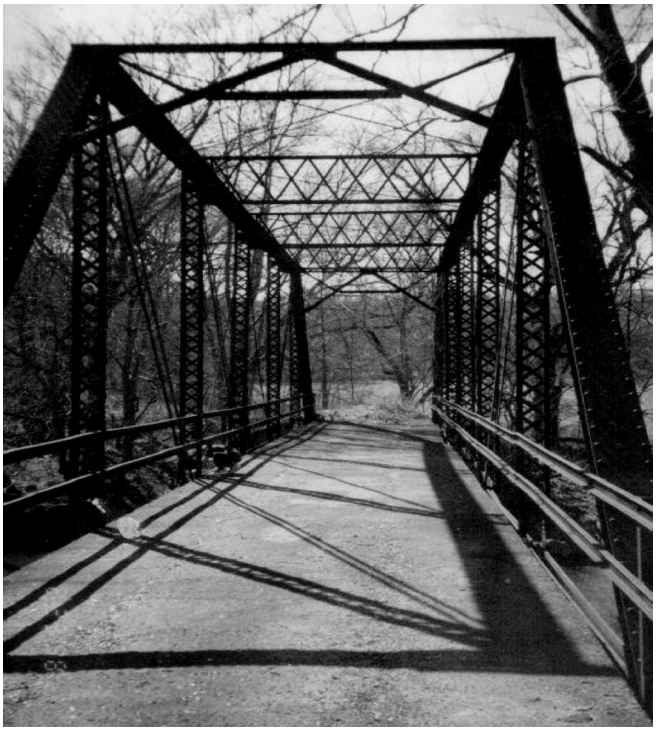
Remember, that this story would be different if you were coming in by car, and many did, to go swimming or lived outside the township but the places would be the same, just a different trail.

So, on a typical summer day, we left our house and walked through town and down to the creek. The first swimming hole and one that some of the good swimmers commandeered was "Turtle Hole." It was very near the new city park area. I do not believe the hole of water is there now, but it was a great place to swim at that time when I was a kid. A very large tree trunk was in the water on the opposite side of the creek from the road. At different times, people nailed boards on the log for a diving board, but they never seemed to last. On one of our more industrious days, my friend Ronnie talked one of the men at Morse Lumber out of a large oak plank for us to make a diving board. After carrying the heavy board from the lumber yard, taking it across the creek, and spending a good bit of time nailing the thick oak board to the log, we finally got it ready. We thought since Ronnie had conned the lumber yard into giving us the board and for the simple fact that he was bigger than the rest of us, he got to go first. With a run out to the end of the new Olympic sized diving board and a big jump to get some spring, we heard a loud crack as Ronnie fell. The board had broken. A half day of work gone down the tubes but, as usual, the anticipation was part of the fun.

One of the problems we had at Turtle Hole was that some the girls thought they had the right to swim there. They would show up, just like they owned the place, and lay their white towels out on the smooth dirt on the road side of the creek and begin their ritual of rubbing Baby Oil with a tiny mixture of Iodine on each other's backs and legs. Since they wouldn't heed our warnings about us having eminent domain to that part of the creek, we made them pay. There was a particularly good-sized bed of leeches nearby. We discretely dropped them on the backs of the girl's legs, then swam back to our diving log and waited. It didn't take long. When one of the girls happened to

spot one of the leeches, and they had to pull them off, the screeching and wailing followed, much to our glee and amusement. We played a lot of tricks on the girls, but that one was one of the best.

Another thing, there were three or four of the girls that could absolutely keep up, they played hide and seek in the river and could swim with the best of us. They were mostly welcome.



N.B. Allen Ford Bridge

The next swimming hole up the creek was, at that time, one of the most popular was "Tree Hole." The tree that made it tree hole was just below the rapids where the creek curves south. It is across from the out-cropping of rocks and bluff on the north side of the road. Most everyone swam at Tree Hole. Moms with little waders got on the gravel bar at the lower end of Tree Hole. Others swam up and down the deeper part, but the bigger boys would hang around the tree to take turns climbing up the leaning tree and jumping out.

Tree Hole is where my friend, Joe Mack and I, learned to jump out of a tree. Not more than nine or ten years old we had gotten in line to climb up and jump out of the tree, but when we reached the top, it looked much higher than we had anticipated. We wanted to come back down the tree, but the older boys wouldn't let us. We finally went far out on the limb to avoid the bigger guys. We intended to hang on and drop down, but that wouldn't work because the technique was to jump out and into the deeper hole of water. We were dangling directly over the rocks in the shallow rapids at the head of the tree hole. But no, they wouldn't let us get back up on the limb

and stomped on our fingers until we let go and fell into the creek below. Somehow we survived and learned to bail out the right way. It was just the way it was at the creek. It had its own culture, not unlike the laws of the jungle.

Tree hole got so popular there in the forties that the town merchants hired Lewis Mitchell and his cousin Roscoe Mitchell between their Junior and Senior years in high school (about 1945) to serve as lifeguards at Tree Hole.

Around the bend and up the creek was Powell Hole. It was accessible by going in the gate at the sale barn on the old Myrtle Road (East 142) where the Walmart parking lot is now. Going back to the creek and slightly upstream was Powell Hole. It was deep but out in the middle was a rock under the water, that if you knew where it was, you could stand on it with your head above the surface. Actually, I think Powell Hole is directly behind the present-day football field. Now, you could expect about anyone to show up at Powell Hole, often someone you didn't know. It was not uncommon for skinny-dipping to go on there and or someone drinking. The boys I knew, avoided Powell Hole because it was a long walk through the grass but mostly because there was no good jumping off places. Sometimes, after the movies at the Beck, guys would go to Powell Hole and take a dip in the dark. Hot summer nights, it was just something to do.

It was a pretty good hoof without a car. The next popular swimming place up the road from Tree Hole was N. B. Allen Ford. At that time there was no bridge, you drove across, and it's best that you knew the way because if your car flooded, it could be a bit of a predicament. Above the shoals at N. B. Allen, was a nice long hole of water, very good place to swim. Many of the older people, adults and those in a partying mood went swimming there. To the left of the road was a wooded area with gravels that was a favorite place for weiner roasts. On the other side of the bank was a field of sweet corn on the Roy Crawford farm which we might grab. It was a destination for hayrides, also. The land before you get to the creek was once the pioneer farm of the early day pioneers, the Allens. Mrs. Allen is the Granny Blue that historians know. They came to the area well before the civ-

il war and were key figures in the development of the area. The N. B. was for Napoleon Bonaparte Allen. He was a surveyor and had the first newspaper in Thayer which was called Division at that time.

Jenny Underwood writes, "Somewhere between N. B. Allen Ford and town, my Dad, Shot Underwood took us swimming while he fished down below us. We got the big idea to build a dam, found a narrow spot with rapids, and took rocks and stacked them until we had one. My Dad came back upstream and said he couldn't believe it but the water was going down. Then he took one look at our work, made us tear it down, and took us home. This was another fishing disaster that he tried to include us in."

The "Old Iron Bridge" was a favorite stopping place for horse-drawn vehicles and I understand, picnickers back in the day. It was on what was called the old Alton Road that began at Morse's (Cover's now) lumber yard and continued to Clifton. That was, in fact, the main road before Highway 63 was redone in 1929. The "Old Iron Bridge" was scrapped and the road closed by the County, in about 2008.

Just to the east of the highway 19 bridge, was Mill Pond. A deluxe swimming place on Warm Fork. It was easily accessible by the road making it convenient place for people who lived in that direction to park their cars on the southeast side of the bridge and go swimming.

For most of my growing up days, the older bridge at Mill Pond was referred to as the "Green Lantern" bridge. The older bridge was not as high as the one that is there now. In the 1920s and 1930s, there was a well known tavern and dance place there by that name, but it burned and was never rebuilt. An outcropping of rocks is on the high bank on the south side of the creek close to the bridge that made a good area for people to sit in the sun or for lovers to hang out away from the people swimming down below. There was also a rock down on the edge of the water that people sometimes dove from, not knowing that some rocks were slightly under the water.

A new Thayer High School music teacher, Mr. Paul came to town back in the late forties and not being familiar dove off that rock in the edge of Mill Pond and split his head. It could have been worse.

Another time, in the summer of 1952, my friend who we nicknamed Grit, because he sold a weekly paper by that name, was sitting on the rocks at Mill Pond late in the afternoon when an older model car about a 1933-34 left the road going toward Alton. It came down the hill bouncing over the rocks and went into the water at Mill Pond. Grit said, he dove to the side, and was missed by inches and then watched the car land in the water and gradually sinking up to its roof. There were people swimming, but no one was hit by the car. They watched in amazement, as a small girl, a toddler, bobbed to the top of the water. They plucked her out of the water and then helped two older gentlemen climb out of the car and helped them to the bank. No one was any worse for the wear, and they said a wrecker winched the car out of the water and there were miraculously, no damage except a whole lot cleaner.

But, for us boys and some of the girls too, the main attraction at Mill Pond was a swing from the top of a giant oak tree at the edge of the water on the south side of the creek. We are not talking about a regular swing. This was a steel cable hanging from the very top of the tree. It had a steel triangle for a hand hold. It was fun to swing out and drop into the water, but as boys are wont to do, they devised a way to get up into a small tree back aways from the big tree. Someone would then flip them the triangle handle of the swing. By coming out of higher spot like that, the swing took you on a high arc out over the creek. It went high enough that we didn't have the nerve to drop or dive off on the first swing out, we'd wait until the second or third swing of the pendulum before dropping off, and still, that would be several feet high, up over the water.

We always wondered what would happen if someone were brave enough to let go of the swing just as the momentum took you out over the water. Well, we found out. Twins, Jack and Mack, were two of the more adventurous of us and Jack agreed to try it. He did it too, exactly like we had envisioned, not only that did he let go at just the right time to let the momentum carry him farther, but he did what we called a swan dive, his arms out to the side and making a Tarzan, from the movies, yell. To our amazement, he went even further than we had imagined. He went through the tree limbs hanging out over the water, on the opposite side of the creek. It scared

the daylights out of us, and we jumped in the water to go help Jack, but we didn't need to, as he came swimming out from under the tree limbs with a big grin.

Warm Fork Bridge in the 1950's

Another time, it didn't end quite like Jack's acrobatic dive. It was Mack that wanted to go first. We had seen the Cypress Springs water ski show in the movies at the Beck Theater and dreamed about how much fun skiing on the water would be. Not only, had we never seen a pair of skis but no one in our town had a boat like that, to pull someone. That didn't stop us from dreaming. Someone came up with the idea that we could make a pair of skis out of two boards and an old pair of brogan work shoes. Then we theorized how that if someone let go exactly right, he could let the momentum of the swing at Mill Pond propel him across the top of the water. We got busy and made the skis, by screwing the shoes onto the two short boards. Mack strapped them on and got into the little tree and swung out over the water. The weight of the heavy boards or for whatever the reason, he could not get the two boards positioned right. One of them dipped down and caught the water. It jerked Mack off the swing, and when he hit the water at that speed, it made the biggest splash we had ever seen. Unfortunately, that big splash came at a price.

Mack's chest was red, like a sunburn, from whacking the water. It ended our water skiing experiment because no one else had the nerve to try it. By turning to the left, just after you pass Clifton and following the road to where it crosses over Warm Fork, is called Sloan's Ford. It was a good place to jump from the bridge into a hole of water on the left side of the stream looking downstream. It was also a place where several of the church ministers did baptisms.

The same road went to Wiggs Ford. The creek was more narrow and swifter out at Wiggs Ford, but few people from town went out there to swim.

Late in the summer, what Ozark people often referred to as "dog days of summer" the creek got a bit sluggish and sometimes when it was very dry didn't move as fast as normal, Dr. Cooper, in some capacity, would declare the water not to be safe. Once the word got out, our folks wouldn't let us swim in the creek. How that all worked, I don't know, whether the water was safe, but you can bet our parents didn't want to go against the doctor.

We were told not to swim or catch fish below where a pipe that came from the roundhouse and dumped the oil and grease into the river. That pipe was just south of Turtle Hole and north of where Two Mile Creek enters Warm Fork. That didn't seem to bother people downstream at Shelby Hole, a popular picnic, fishing and swimming place just north of the Franz chicken plant.

When I was a kid, my granddad and I fished at Shelby Hole, but I don't remember us ever catching fish. We used cane poles and sat on the riverbank. It almost soured me on fishing. After a few minutes, boredom sat in. I couldn't sit still so I would walk downstream and look at the creek, just hoping a train would come by to break the monotony. You could learn by being quiet like that. Grasshoppers and snakes would take up where they left off when we sat very still. It was one such time when I was watching a small bird on a limb hanging out over the water. Under the bird was a water moccasin swimming upstream and the bird was staring at it. Grandpa told me that the snake was charming the bird. Sure enough, the little bird sat right

on that limb as the snake swam up closer and closer and finally, in an instant, the snake nabbed the bird, leaving nothing but a feather floating in the air. Infatuation cost the little bird, that day. Grandpa seemed to think there was some kind of lesson in that.

I once said to Grandpa, a real Ozark type, my Dad said, "people who fish are lazy."

Grandpa looked at me and said, "Maybe so. But what I can't stand is people that run back and forth in a dad-blamed hurry, and they don't have anything to do."

It was in 1947 that Doc and Dorothy Ellis put in a swimming pool at the Tally-Ho Motel. When they decided to open it to the public, a lot of people got excited. We, for sure, got new swimming trunks and thought we were in Hollywood. Everyone flocked up to the pool and paid to swim, couldn't stir us with a stick. It was fun for a while and especially the diving board but with all the rules, no running, no pushing and no ducking, it got old, not to mention our eyes burning from the chlorine. And then with a starting time and having to clear out at a certain time, nah, we went back and swam in the creek where there were no opening and closing times. We didn't care if it thundered or someone thought they saw lightning. Best of all the river had no fees.

One thing that happened with the river was floods. Being in a hilly terrain, the water in the creek came up fast and ran off relatively fast and determining when the water got the highest and which flood was the worst was not easy with no gauges in place. But one way old timers kept track was by the watermarks on the town bridge at Thayer. Of course, the bridge was not there before 1922. Another way the towns people remembered floods was how close did it come to the downtown area.

Newspapers in Missouri give accounts of major flooding in 1903, and in 1908 it was an especially devastating flood along the Missouri River. At Thayer, the old timers liked to talk about the 1915 flood, and there are a lot of pictures to prove that one. There was a

severe flood at Thayer in 1937 and again in 1941 and 1943. There have been several in recent years, and they seem to get more pronounced and break more records.

The Warm Fork has gotten out of its banks many times, and the old 1922 cement bridge at Thayer was always a concern as it shuddered and shook several times but it held up all the way until the state removed it after the new bridge at the foot of Walnut Street was completed in 1959.

The Warm Fork is short as rivers go. The watershed at West Plains collects into a series of ditches and creeks that makes a rocky creek bottom a few miles north of Koshkonong and of course it runs into the Spring River at Mammoth Spring, then empties into the Black River near Pocahontas, Arkansas and finally into the Mississippi in northeast Arkansas.

Grand Gulf

About 7 miles west of Thayer lies the Grand Gulf. Now a state park, it is a collapsed cave. Bussell Creek, in wet weather, flows into the long deep crevasse that goes under a natural bridge and disappears into a cave. The cave was clogged up with mud and debris by a flood in 1929, but before that was open to an underground stream. By throwing straw and dye into the cave at the Grand Gulf, it has been proven that the underground stream feeds into Mammoth Spring.

There are trails for hiking around the rim of the Gulf, some nice overlook platforms for views of the deep chasm and trail down into the bottom of what some like to refer to as "the little Grand Canyon."

To the late, Mrs. Claude (Dorothy) Ellis, Oregon County Judge, goes a debt of gratitude for her diligence and persuasion in getting Mr. Drey, (L-A-D) the landowner, and the state to designate the Grand Gulf as a state park.

Dorothy Ellis and her Trails to Eternity by Jenny Underwood

Dorothy Ellis has a legacy of preserving Natural Resources in Oregon County: Grand Gulf, the Irish Wilderness, Greer Mill and others. She would talk to people and find out who made the decisions. Then she would talk until she won. Sometimes it took decades, such as in Grand Gulf which took over forty years. The Irish Wilderness preservation project took thirteen years. But she never gave up. Her efforts are a large part of the historical and preservation legacy of the inhabitants of Oregon County and are shared with visitors from around the world who visit these special places.

Preservation of Grand Gulf

Dorothy Ellis grew up in Koshkonong, Missouri after her father moved there to grow peach orchards during the heydey of Kosh being "Peach Capital of the World." They lived near Grand Gulf and attended church near there. On Sundays, there would be dinner on the grounds, and the children would hike down into Grand Gulf, playing and exploring the caverns and caves. They could hear the river running behind the wall of rocks up until a tornado destroyed the access. She reminisced, "I didn't realize how special Grand Gulf was until I was 17 or 18 years old. It was unique to Oregon County and the entire Ozarks and Missouri area."

She said, "I noticed debris and garbage being thrown over the side and trashing up the bottom. Someone pushed an old car over the edge as if the Grand Gulf was a place for junk. I just couldn't hardly stand it."

She married Doctor Claude Ellis, a local Dentist from Thayer, Missouri. He was a political activist and went to Jefferson City often to lobby for causes of the Democratic Party. Dorothy would accompany him and decided she needed a cause; she would save Grand Gulf by having it made into a State Park and be preserved as a conservation area and a destination.

This was long before people were aware of the term "Environ-

mentalist." Historically, conservation was the word used to preserve natural resources and sites. Dorothy wasn't big on naming conventions. She just wanted to save her Grand Gulf from being a hole filled up with junk. She didn't realize at the time that she had a long game ahead of her.

So she started talking to anybody she met in Jefferson City, especially elected officials, about what a special place Grand Gulf was and how it needed to be made into a State Park. She worked with State Park officials and created a team of people who were with her on her journey. One day, in the lobby of the hotel, she heard these two guys say, "Here comes that woman. She is from some county down south that has a place she wants to be made into a park." She walked right up to

Grand Gulf Overlook

them and gave them an education, so they never forgot about Oregon County nor Grand Gulf.

This journey took forty years of talking and convincing. Dorothy was very charming and smart. It was almost impossible to get mad at her even if you disagreed with her fundamental causes. Finally, during an administration change in 1984, she and her band of preservationists sneaked through a bill to make Grand Gulf a State Park in a twelve hour window before the new administration took over. This was just the beginning because later on, appropriations had to be assigned, and work be done to preserve and enhance the park.

The work was at a standstill because of lack of funding. Dorothy heard of a fellow named Leo Drey who had purchased forest land in the Ozarks, some in Oregon County. One day she was invited to a barbeque being held at the Coon Club in Myrtle, Missouri. She thought she would not go because it would be late and dark getting home on those old country roads. But when she heard Leo Drey was going to be there, she changed her mind, and history was made. She sat next to Leo and Mrs. Drey and told them the story of Grand Gulf. Leo Drey had inherited a fortune from his family who manufactured canning jars. He spent his life and fortune buying up forest lands in the Ozarks. He formed the L-A-D. Foundation in 1962 with its principal mission to protect natural areas. Beginning in 1964, for the next ten years, Leo Drey made a series of land donations to the Foundation. She became great friends and convinced Leo to come along with her on several of her preservation journeys. She talked him into purchasing the Grand Gulf and the surrounding land. He leased the land back to the Missouri Department of Natural Resources for $1 per year. He told her he didn't think they ever paid.

In 1971, Grand Gulf was designated a National Natural Landmark. In 1984 the property became a Missouri State Park through a lease with the Missouri Department of Natural Resources. In July of 1986, a 60-acre portion of the L-A-D Foundation property was designated as a Missouri Natural Area.

Today Grand Gulf stands a special place that Dorothy Ellis always knew it would be. Work has continued to improve the park with walkways and overlooks. Thousands of people visit each year and locals love to visit the unique area.

The L.A.D. Foundation describes the park at http://www.ladfoundation.org/land/grand_gulf.html as:

"Known as Missouri's Little Grand Canyon the geological features of this site demonstrate the formation and subsequent collapse of a cave system. The result is a canyon whose nearly vertical walls reach 100 feet or more and whose length reaches 3/4-mile long. The canyon here is deeper than it is wide. The stream, Bussell Branch, drains more than 20 square miles before dropping into the chasm and while there flows beneath a 200-foot long natural bridge. By itself the natural bridge would be well worth a visit; it is the only piece of the cave roof which remains. Bussell Branch continues through the canyon before entering the mouth of the cave which has been blocked by accumulating debris. There the water slowly passes underground before exiting again at Mammoth Spring, about three miles away in Arkansas."

Dorothy was known for her Grand Gulf cause in Jefferson City, and when a position as an Oregon County Judge (now called commissioners) came open, Governor Hearns called her and asked her if she would serve. She told him she didn't know if she was qualified and to give her overnight to think about it. The next morning Governor Hearns called and said he had already issued a press release, which made her the first female in the state of Missouri in that office. After her appointment, she had to campaign to keep her job. So she did politics the old-fashioned way; she went door-to-door and visited every accessible house in the Southern District of Oregon County.

Her charm and beauty were never overshadowed by her intelligence and persistence in causes she believed in. She served her constituents faithfully and with a long game in mind.

The Irish Wilderness

While she was in the courthouse, she heard rumors of a company called St. Joe's Mining Company who wanted to come to Oregon County and mine for lead in the Irish Wilderness. They had done a test in the area and determined they could extract lead from

there. The courthouse was all in a dither with excitement at the possibility of jobs and a boost to the economy.

Dorothy was skeptical. She loved the Irish Wilderness which had been decimated by logging in the early 1900's with tree stumps and debris all over the land and waterways. When asked, she said she didn't support the mining project. In fact, she decided she would fight it.

She said, "Everybody was so mad at me and tried to stop me from my mission, but I enlisted the help of my friends from the Grand Gulf project."

She used every political alliance she had because she didn't want to see the Wilderness destroyed by mining. The forest was a national treasure to her. Her local representative in Congress, Bill Emerson, fought her bitterly, but she invited congressional members of the committee to visit the Wilderness, starting with a float trip on the Eleven Point River. She describes the day as magical, and the committee members fell in love with the Wilderness, just as she had. She still had years of work to get it preserved. She started out asking for 50,000 acres, and Representative Emerson kept asking her to compromise, which resulted in the preservation of the central portion. She faced bitter opposition from landowners in the Wilderness who would be unable to sell their land or farm the area. Most moved out but some stayed with 50-year leases on their property.

It took thirteen years, but eventually, the Irish Wilderness was finally adopted and preserved. She thwarted the efforts of St. Joe's mining company and Oregon County averted an ecological disaster that lead mining created in other counties. Wikipedia says:

"The Irish Wilderness is a 16,227-acre (66 km2) wilderness area in the U.S. State of Missouri. The U.S. Congress designated it a wilderness in 1984. The Irish Wilderness is located within the Eleven Point Ranger District of the Mark Twain National Forest, 10 miles (16 km) northeast of Alton, Missouri. It was named after an Irish Catholic Priest, John Joseph Hogan, founded a settlement of about forty Irish families here starting in 1858; the settlement was wiped out during the American Civil War and has remained a wilderness ever since. The Irish

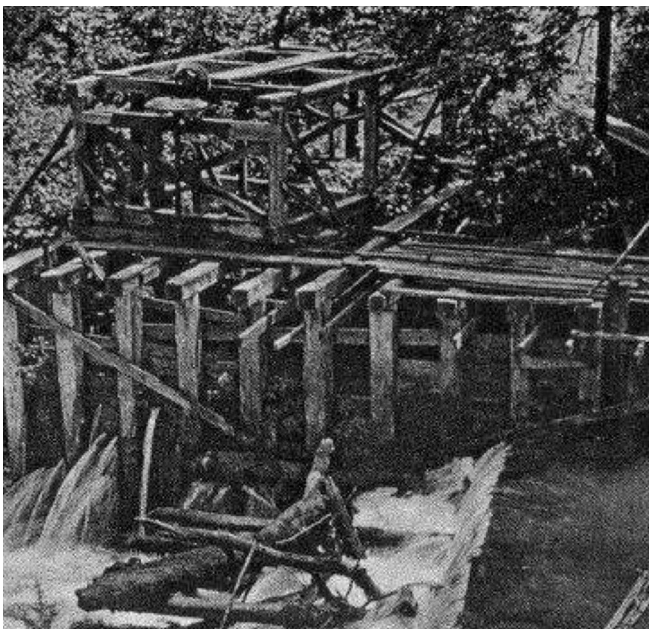
Wilderness is one of eight wilderness areas protected and preserved in Missouri.

Hiking and horseback riding are popular on the White's Creek Trail, an 18.6 miles trail throughout the wilderness. Attractions include White's Creek Cave (temporarily gated to protect endangered bats), Fiddler and Bliss Springs, traces of old tramway railroads, and overlooks of the Eleven Point River. The karst topography of the area creates very scenic views along this trail. Wildlife present includes black bear, mountain lion, whitetail deer, timber rattlesnakes, turkey, and bald eagles."

Today, the Irish Wilderness has had over 30 years to re-generate, and while the old growth oaks have been cut, the new trees are magnificent. **The Oregon County History Club published a book on Amazon entitled Oregon County History: The Irish Wilderness Yesterday and Today: The Story of Father Hogan and the Irish Settlement by Mike Crawford** of the history of the area with pictures of how the Wilderness looks today.

Greer Mill

Wikipedia says: "Greer Spring is a first magnitude spring located in the southeast portion of the Ozark Plateau, in Oregon County in south-central Missouri within the boundaries of the Mark Twain National Forest. The spring is the second largest spring in the Ozarks, with an average discharge of 360 cubic feet (10 m3) of water per second.[1] Greer Spring was designated a National Natural Landmark in 1980.The spring has been



Greer Mill Generator

owned by the U.S. National Forest Service since 1993.[3] Before 1993 the spring was in the caring hands of private ownership. The area surrounding the spring has been retaken by nature but had a small fish hatchery and roads many years ago, the site has remained very scenic and unspoiled.

The first gristmill on the spring branch was built by Captain Samuel Greer in 1859. The spring was subsequently named after the Con-

Greer Mill Reconstruction 2017

federate captain. The mill was later destroyed during the American Civil War, however the mill was rebuilt. Sometime after 1883, the old mill was removed to make way for a new roller mill completed sometime before 1899. The mill changed ownership until 1922,

when it ceased operation. Very few remains of mill operations exist today near the spring. The mill itself is still standing near the top of east side of the gorge, despite very little attention. As of 2016, work is well underway with help from the U.S. Forest Service, HistoriCorps[4] and Brian Sloss of Eleven Point Canoe Rental http://www.11pointcanoe.com/for the mill restoration project by http://www.friendsoftheelevenpointriver.org/. Difficult access, private ownership, and a remote location have all aided in protecting this karst treasure."

How Greer Mill got saved is another story in Dorothy Ellis's preservation portfolio. Anheiser-Busch discovered Greer Springs and wanted to capture the pristine clear water to use as an ingredient and promotion for their beer. They planned to buy it outright and build roads and a factory to process the water. Again, Dorothy just "couldn't stand the thought of all those trucks and activity destroying the spring area."

So she enlisted her conservation friend, Leo Drey, who purchased Greer Mill and Spring. He then sold it to the U.S. National Forest Service. Anheiser-Busch donated a large check to the project even though they lost the battle to a little, feisty lady from Oregon County, Dorothy Ellis. The donation had to be made in St. Louis because there was such opposition to the preservation effort from the local population.

Dorothy also fought against the Corps of Engineers plan to build a dam in Oregon County to make a lake similar to Norfork Lake in Arkansas. The thinking was the economy would far outweigh the loss of farms and lands. The dam had proponents and fierce opposition. Dorothy's conservation side won, and the dam stayed on the drawing boards for over 50 years, only being dropped in the last ten years.

Dorothy Ellis helped out on local projects including being on the Board of the Sheltered Workshop in Oregon County, the Oregon County Ambulance District, and countless other community projects. Dorothy was also a long time member of the L-A-D Foundation created by Leo Drey and was instrumental in helping build a new

roof for Greer Mill in the past two years.

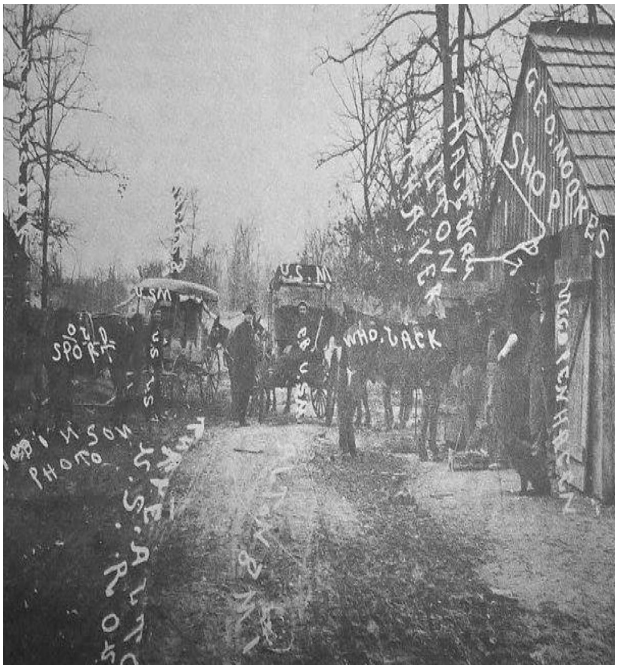
Dorothy loved telling school children and the history club about the history of Koshkonong, Missouri and how it was a booming town in the olden days, including having its own airport. She was a descendant of Granny Blue and participated in the Granny Blue weekend historical event sponsored by the Oregon County History Club and the Sons of the Confederate Soldiers. The festivities included sharing the history at meetings and dinners, a recreation of the Granny Blue burial, a ceremony at the Granny Blue farm, and eventually the participation of engineering students to determine the lost burial grounds. She said, "I'm so excited by all this history and memories. I feel like a young girl again."

Dorothy Ellis fought battles to preserve the history and culture of the special environment of Oregon County. When she started, she probably didn't understand how hard it would be or how long it would take, but she persevered. She never gave up and convinced people along the way of what a good idea it was to preserve the areas as well as the stories.

Dorothy had a very long game. Her first battle took forty years, but the rest got shorter and shorter because she learned how and who to fight with. People learned not to underestimate her battles, and were willing to go along with her. When asked about her opposition from past battles, she said, "I outlived them." Not only did she outlast them, she outflanked (move around the side of (an enemy) so as to outmaneuver them) them in many cases. Even her enemies loved her and would give her hugs when they met up with her.

And so she did live to the ripe young age of 96. She participated in Oregon County History Club meetings until very recently. The last time I talked to her, we were on her porch, and she said, "I know what God has in store for me. He is going to have me look after the trees. Not the big pine forests but the scrub oaks and trees of the Ozarks. When I am gone, that's what I will be doing." And so we can all take comfort that her long game is still going on.

Moving on Upstream by Max Evans



Moore's Shop 1914

No longer open, about halfway to Alton on the right was Moore's Shop. That's where people stopped when they were driving a team, a hack or model T car to and from Alton. G. W. Moore and his wife Emly homesteaded that place in 1914. He built his own house and a shop (he was a blacksmith and carpenter) and put in a store. After his death in 1961, his son Andrew and wife Helen took over the business and ran it until Andrews death in 1979.

Accounts in the paper, of the Thayer baseball team, around 1900, told of riding their horses on Sunday, the 19 miles to Alton, to play baseball, then riding back. Were they tough or what?

It's now only 17.1 miles to Alton by highway from Thayer. It takes about 22 minutes to drive it.

When you get to Alton, it's not a stretch to see the old-time flavor of the town square. The nondescript courthouse, although not old, as courthouses go, was built by the WPA men during the depression years and almost totally paid for by the federal government. It hasn't changed that much.

Alton is the town of "what could have been?" Twice in the past and again now, (2018) it was speculated that big things were going to happen near Alton. First, the Atomic Bomb Plant, then the Water Valley Dam project was going to be built in the region, but neither came to pass. It wasn't a bad thing in the minds of those who lived there;

they were the ones who fought against the projects. And, won, I might add. A lot of the people in the Ozarks like things just as they are.

Around 1950, Lewis "Tubby" Lindley of Thayer, got interested when he heard that the government was looking for a place to locate an atomic energy plant. They wanted to put it away from a population center. Tubby, with a bent for politics, furnished a wagon and a team of miniature mules for parades in Harry Truman's presidential campaign, then he took them to Washington D. C. in 1948 for the inauguration parade. Even though Tubby was a small-town guy in a rural region, he was one of the few people, that could call the White House, anytime he wanted. At any rate, he knew, what he thought would be, the perfect place for the atomic plant and that would be the wooded Irish Wilderness area east of Alton.

The talk got so heated about the town of Alton becoming a boom-town with the coming of the atomic plant that Robert Neathery, owner of radio station KWPM at West Plains, decided he should put a new radio station in Alton. He applied for and received a license with the call letters KALM (Keep Alton Mo). However, the government didn't select the Irish Wilderness as the location for the atomic energy development. Rather than give up the license, Neathery decided to move the location and put a new station north of Thayer. The station did well. Mr. Neathery, said, "Tubby didn't do me such a bad turn after all".

The Irish Wilderness got its name from a project, an experiment if you will, similar to the one Stephen F. Austin led that helped start Texas. A Catholic Priest, Father Hogan in St. Louis, was trying to help a group of hard put Irish immigrants start a new way of life. He found the sparsely populated woods east of Alton to be available. By all reports, the Irish Wilderness settlers, although struggling, were starting to improve the land when the Civil War began.

Unfortunately, the soldiers and vagabonds during and after the war were cruel to the pioneer Irish families and devastated their farms and it was told, murdered some of them. Father Hogan and the Irish people fled and never returned.

The Irish Wilderness, roughly outlined by the Current River on the east, the Eleven Point and Highway 19 on the west, Highway 60 to the north and Highway 160 to the south, was made a protected wilderness section in 1984. It had been cut over for timber around the turn of the century and had needed the time to try to heal itself.

The Irish Wilderness area, east of Highway 19, is best reached by driving up J highway off 160 east of Alton. There's nothing left of the CCC Camp. Woods and more woods just about sums up driving the "J" road through the Irish Wilderness.

The Bardley CCC (Civilian Conservation Commission) camp was in the Irish Wilderness. It's not a tourist place but the history of the area gives it a bit of uniqueness and mystery.

A lot of people speak fondly of the CCC, one of the most successful depression era government programs. A good number of people in that part of Missouri can cite a relative or acquaintance that was in a CCC camp. In Oregon County, that would be the Bardley Camp. It's where single young men were stationed in a quasi-military like group to be productive and help their families. The government sent a check to their family, and the men kept a small allowance. The young CCC men, built state parks, structures, roadways, trails, planted trees and did beautification projects. The program ended with the start of WW II, and much of their handiwork is still in place. (See the story of CCC and Bardley Camp later in this book).

For years, before the Eleven Point River was set aside as a Scenic and Wild River, the Corp of Engineers set their sights on building a dam near the Arkansas-Missouri border near Dalton, north of Pocahontas, AR. It's a long story – The dam was proposed in 1938, but the people of the area got it "cubby-holed." In 1952, the project was brought up again and this time a delegation from out on the river went to Washington and persuaded the Corp of Engineers to not build a dam. Then in July 1961, some businessmen at Pocahontas felt like the dam would help the economy and worked up new proposals to build a 30 mile long lake extending into Oregon County.

Attorney Pat Freeman represented a group of Thayer men who was for the proposal to build a high dam. About that same time, the West Plains Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution opposing the Water Valley Dam. But the contingent in Oregon County and people living along the river in opposition of the dam held public rallies and dug up facts about other lake projects that were negative and finally killed the project with the help of a couple of politicians.

More controversy! The recently (2017) "closed, before it opened," Eleven Point State Park, about six miles east of Alton, is another example of projects with troubled and divided loyalties. The new state park is a part of the old Brock Ranch that had gone through several hands before it was purchased by the state of Missouri.

About a hundred years ago Mr. Brock, a wealthy optometry manufacturer from Kansas City, developed a 17,000-acre ranch by combining several farms and ranches lying along the Eleven Point River. After his death, several successive owners, including the Pigman family, of Ft. Worth, TX have owned and enjoyed the ranch. This is where the famed rock group, the Beatles, on their first tour of the U. S. in 1964, spent a weekend.

Following, is how the Brock Ranch was assembled along with Sondra Bryan Morgan's account of growing up on the Brock ranch. This ranch is close to the town of Alton, near the community of Riverton on the Eleven Point River.

That ranch became one of the most publicized ranches in the country in 1964. It wasn't because of its brand, legacy, cattle or cowboys. It was because the Beatles used the ranch as a two-day respite during their famous first tour in the United States.

At that time, the ranch was owned by Reed Pigman, the owner of a flying service in Fort Worth, Texas. It was known by outsiders as the Pigman Ranch, but most of the people in Oregon County continued referring to it as the Brock Ranch.

 Old timers in that country called places that raised cattle stock

farms. That was before a trend developed to buy up several farms and combine them into a larger tract and operate them as a traditional cattle ranch.

That's what happened when Dr. Brock of Kansas City was looking for a remote retreat for relaxation and fishing. He bought the Hitt Ranch from the Hitt Brothers, well-known peach growers at Koshkonong, on May 11, 1934, the first parcel being of maybe 2,000 acres. He then added the Boyd, Sitton and Cal Smith farms making a ranch that is east of Riverton along the Eleven Point River in Oregon County. He then bought any adjacent land that became available until he accumulated around 17,000 acres. His nephew, Joe Silliman, came from Utah to get the ranch started and be the manager. Joe Silliman brought Wayne Neal (1912-1985) from Utah to be a mechanic on the ranch. Wayne spent the rest of his life there and married Lucille Lowrey in 1939. Silliman went back to Utah after a couple of years, then Mr. Bryan became the foreman of the Brock Ranch.

The following is Sondra Bryan Morgan's account of growing up on the Brock Ranch while her grandad and dad were foremen of the ranch. She wrote about it for her grandchildren. Sondra married Dr. Tom Morgan of Thayer. Tom operated a clinic in West Plains, Missouri. They are both now retired in Columbia, Missouri.

"The Ranch." By Sondra Morgan

Webster's defines "ranch" as "a large farm for raising horses, beef cattle, or sheep." The Brock Ranch in Oregon County, Missouri, fits easily within that definition, although it was made up of several smaller farms bought up by Dr. Brock during the depression when the previous owners were unable to pay the taxes owed. Dr. Brock kept cattle and some horses for use on the ranch, although he never raised horses as such. The rich bottom land along the river was used for crops, and at the time I lived on the ranch, 1939-1951, there were huge peach and apple orchards. The ranch consisted of 14,000 acres making Dr. Brock the largest property owner in the county.

Dr. Brock was a retired optometrist from Kansas City who held patents on several lucrative processes for grinding lenses. I am not sure why he became interested in the Missouri Ozarks, but much of the property he bought bordered the Eleven Point River. Dr. Brock had a boathouse that was built out over the river with storage for boats underneath. There was a small spring that ran into the river just below the boathouse, and it was a favorite place to have family gatherings. Dr. Brock had never been married, but he had several nieces who lived with him and oversaw his housekeeping at various times. He is a shadowy character in my memory because as a child I did not have much interaction with him. He was a pilot and flew back and forth between Kansas City and the ranch. He constructed a small grass airstrip in the valley behind my grandparents' home with a small hangar for his planes. He was a very dashing figure in his leather flying helmet. We did not see many planes in Oregon County, and it was very exciting to hear his plane and watch it come in and land. My dad and uncles flew with him at times, but I was never allowed.

My dad's family was one of the property owners forced to sell their farm during the depression. The family continued to live in the same house which was now owned by Dr. Brock, and my grandfather went to work for Dr. Brock as his ranch foreman. Later when my dad and his brothers were old enough, they also became ranch hands and tended the cattle and the crops. The first ten years of my life

were spent on the ranch.

"Headquarters" at the ranch consisted of a large, rock house surrounded by a high wire fence with several outbuildings. The house seemed like a mansion to me with its second story and two staircases. Dr. Brock's office and sitting area were in a big room on the ground floor that we would call a great room now. It had a large fireplace at one end and was decorated with animal heads and other hunting trophies. Dr. Brock sat in a big leather chair in one corner of the room, and that is my main memory of him. Our visits to the big house were usually spent in the kitchen and in what I suppose was meant to be the servants' quarters behind the kitchen where his niece, Ms. Sanborn, lived. She was a kindly, white-haired lady who was always very friendly. When I was about six or seven she gave me a doll, a precursor to Barbie, I guess, not a baby doll. She had crocheted several outfits for the doll complete with hats and purses. They were beautiful, and I still regret that the doll and the clothes did not survive my younger sister and cousins.

Adjacent to the house were two large, white frame buildings that served as garages for the trucks and farm equipment and a machine shop. One of the trucks was an old flat-bed Ford that my grandfather called "Old Screwdriver," because you had to travel with a screwdriver to keep it going. These buildings made an "L" and with the main house enclosed a gravel courtyard of sorts. This courtyard was where the hands gathered in the morning to be assigned their jobs for the day and again in the afternoons at "quitting time" to report on the day's progress. It was also where the hands parked their cars during the day while they were working.

Dr. Brock had a small menagerie of exotic fowl which were given free rein on the grounds. There were guinea fowl and others, but mostly I remember the peacocks because of their showy plumage and the ungodly shrieking noise they made. I was afraid of these birds and always gave them a wide berth. He also had a small herd of buffalo. This was in the late 40s and early 50s before it became popular to keep bison. Most of the time, he kept these animals in a field across from the main house. This field had an extra high fence, but the buffalo seemed to be able to get out of the field with ease. I had

to walk along the road that ran past this field to get to the school bus stop, and many times I was struck with terror to find one of the large buffalo bulls in the lane where I had to pass. Coming face to face with one of these large, ugly animals was a very frightening experience. I ran back home as fast I could go for reinforcements on those mornings. Occasionally, Dr. Brock would move the buffalo herd to the field next to my grandparents' house. One morning my grandmother was milking when she looked up to see one of these huge animals sticking its head into the stall where she sat on her stool milking. She said she threw the milk bucket and climbed over the manger into the main part of the barn as fast as she could, screaming the whole time.

During our years on the ranch, my family lived in several different houses. The house where my parents first set up housekeeping and where I was born had been abandoned for quite some time and barely qualified as shelter. It was just across the field from my grandparents. The second house we lived in was on what was called the "South End" of the ranch across the river from the main part of the ranch. You turned off Highway 160 at Calm and traveled a gravel road with deep ditches on both sides for several miles to a little isolated four room house. My dad was in charge of the cattle that were being run in the Old River bottom, and was pretty much his own boss. It was wild country. There were mountain lions, or panthers or "painters" as it was pronounced in the Ozarks, that would attack the baby calves as well as wild boars. We could also hear wolves howl at night, a sound that will raise the hair on the back of your head. Wolves, or possibly coyotes, even killed my aunt's small dog at my grandparents' house.

I was only two or so when we lived on the South End, but I can remember the raccoons and skunks that would come up on the back porch to eat the food we left out for the cat. Sometimes Dad would have to go into the main ranch to help with work there and leave my mother alone with me. There was a primitive phone system that Dr. Brock had set up that was supposed to connect the house with the main ranch, but it was subject to the vagaries of the weather.

Mother was only a beginning driver, and never really mastered

driving with a clutch, so she was pretty much stranded. One day she could not find me, and her first thought was that I had fallen into the WPA toilet. After frantically searching everywhere she could think I might be, she ran into the house to the telephone to call for help and saw me laying up in her bed sound asleep. I was also subject to high fevers and nose bleeds, so she was not happy to be so isolated.

We didn't live on the South End very long, but we were there long enough for me to contract what our country doctor called malaria. There were certainly enough mosquitos down in the river bottom and I did have recurring fevers, but I have never found another doctor who believed that I actually had malaria. I do know I was given liquid quinine for my fevers. It had to be the foulest tasting stuff ever. I was also prescribed an iron tonic to build up my blood after my frequent nosebleeds, and it ran a close second. I still cannot take cough medicine or any other liquid medicine without gagging.

Mother was so desperate to get back to semi-civilization that we moved back into the dilapidated first house again. It is at this time that I remember this house, and this is where we were living when my sister Mona was born in April before I turned six in May.

The next house we lived in was closer to headquarters. Again, it was a little four-room house with fake-brick asbestos siding, but it had large screened porches on both the front and back. It was right behind the large peach orchard which was sprayed regularly with pesticide, including DDT I am sure. I built rock playhouses and played right next to the sprayed peach trees, although I did have to stay inside while the actual spraying was being done. Everyone was pressed into service when it was time to pick the peaches, women, and children as well as the men. I think we were paid $1 for each bushel picked which was big money. It was always the hottest part of the summer when the peaches were harvested, however, and to protect your skin from the peach fuzz, you had to wear long pants and long sleeves. I don't think I ever made much money picking peaches.

We had a "brooder" house for baby chickens at this house. The

chickens were delivered by the mailman in large, flat cardboard boxes, and I thought they were so cute. I spent most of my time sitting on the floor of the brooder house watching them when they first came. Later, when I had my first chest x-ray, I was told I had had histoplasmosis at some time in my life, and I am sure I probably contracted it from spending so much time with the chickens. We also had baby ducks while living in this house, but they came to a bad end when they jumped in the tub mother had used to bathe us and drank the soapy water.

There was a small one-room school just a few miles from where we lived, but my folks arranged to pay tuition so I could attend school at Couch, a larger consolidated school. The school bus came to the ranch to pick up one of the elementary teachers who lived at Many Springs so that I could ride the bus to school. It was 20 miles each way, and with all the stops, a two-hour trip. In the winter we left while it was still dark. Although there was a small shelter for us to use while waiting for the bus, it was not heated. Luckily, Mrs. Forrester would let me wait in the car with her.

Our next move was to one of the houses that Dr. Brock had built for his employees not far from the main house. It was a better built house, but again it was just four rooms with porches and no inside plumbing. It had wood paneling on the inside which foiled my mother's decorating. She and my grandmother usually put up new wallpaper every spring using flour paste to which rat poison was added to discourage the mice. We always had to fight mice who came in from the fields. I remember once when mother had set traps, I heard the trap spring and went running to see what we had caught. The mouse was caught by just the tip of its tail, and I picked up the trap to show mother. I learned a valuable lesson when the mouse ran back up the trap and bit me on the finger.

I had a long walk to the bus stop from this house, and this is where I would encounter the buffalo. Dad brought home several baby racoons for my sister and me one time, but they were too good at escape for us to keep them. He also brought home a baby goat that we raised on a bottle. Unfortunately, it grew into a real goat

and grew horns which it liked to use. Mother could not go out the door without the goat butting her, so my sister or I would have to go out first and hold the goat by the horns while Mother went to the clothesline or whatever. It quickly became a real pest, and when it started climbing over the top of the car, Dad decided it had to go. He took it and put it in several different fields, but it would find its way back. He finally had to take it several miles away in order to get rid of it.

This is the last house we lived in on the ranch. In 1951, when I was eleven, my folks and my grandparents decided to leave the ranch and move to Thayer. Dr. Brock had had a stroke and was no longer able to manage the ranch. It was obvious that the nieces and other relatives were not going to agree on what should be done with the ranch.

One of the nieces, Grace Sanborn, did live there for a while after Dr. Brock died, but in 1955 the ranch was sold to Reed Pigman from Texas for $200,000. Mr. Pigman had a charter flying service, and it was because of this that the ranch had its one brush with fame. When the Beatles came to the U.S. in 1964, Mr. Pigman's charter service flew them around the country. In order to give the Beatles a break from their adoring fans, he suggested that they come to the ranch for a few days. They were flown into Walnut Ridge, AR, at night in great secrecy and then transferred to a small plane to fly to the ranch. Even so, some fans found their way to the gate of the ranch in hopes of seeing the Beatles. The Beatles reportedly had a good time at the ranch swimming and horseback riding.

A crew of fifteen men worked and cleared trees to build a runway to land Dr. Brock's planes. Dr. Brock, the owner of an optical goods manufacturing company, Specialty Optical Company, in Kansas City, was an avid aviator and vice president of National Aeronautic Association. He had several planes and won many trophies and awards for his flying activities. The type planes he flew could go from Kansas City to the ranch in south Missouri in about two hours.

The ranch headquarters was moved to the 200 acre Lehew place west of the river, and a ferry was put in place to connect the

properties. There was also a boathouse with a lift built on the river north of a spring that became a favorite picnic and gathering spot.

About 1936, Theresa Bock (1913-1951), a great-niece, came as head housekeeper and bookkeeper. Bunkhouses were built behind the headquarters for the unmarried men who lived and worked on the ranch.

In 1939, Othal Blankenship, a carpenter remodeled the main house. During the five years that he lived there, he also built a house for his family. He left in 1945. Around this time, when the main house had been rebuilt, Dr. Brock moved there as his permanent residence. He had Paul Scarlet Roses planted on each side of the road and around the house. His herd of buffalo and reindeer that roamed the pasture next to the house attracted people from miles around who came to see them.

In 1941, probably the largest barn, (a raised center or monitor type) in that part of the country, an 80 x 200 structure was built a short distance from the house. As far as I know, the barn is still standing.

It was in the forties that Dr. Brock got tired of the quality of the phone service at the ranch. When he couldn't get the phone company to fix the lines, he built a new line from the ranch to the Central Office in Alton. He had generators for electricity at the main house and shop and now put phones in the other houses as well.

Dr. Brock once flew a baseball team from Kansas City to Alton to take on a local team. He was well thought of by the people who knew him in Oregon County. Dr. Brock suffered a light stroke in 1949. Grace Sanborn, his niece, moved back to the ranch to help care for him. He died of a massive heart attack in 1953.

Grace Sanborn inherited the ranch. Othal Blankenship returned as a foreman for a short time then Carthel Melton became the foreman. Lucius Birch and John Hembree of Cotton State Sales Company in Memphis, leased the ranch for two years before it was sold to Reed Pigman in March 1955.

Reed Pigman, (1907 - 1966) the owner of American Flight Service and American Flyers Airline, a charter plane service, used the ranch much as the previous owner had done, that is for a place to go, but it also remained an operating ranch through the years with a resident manager foreman. Mrs. Virginia Pigman, Reed's wife and his son Reed, Jr. stayed at the ranch every summer for the next ten years with Reed flying in for the weekends. Carthel Melton was the first foreman for Pigman and was there until he became ill and Ray Dethrow took his place. Wayne Neal was still there as well as handyman and maintenance man. Ray stayed until 1960 when Charlie Watts came as manager in 1960 to 1963.

Pigman brought in Charbray bulls to improve the Hereford line along with a small herd of Longhorns that Reed, Jr called his own. They extended and widened the runways at the small airport on the ranch so that Pigman could fly in larger planes. Pigman, during his ownership, bought at least six more small farms to add to the ranch.

The Beatles visit the Ozarks

It was in the fall of nineteen sixty-four while the Beatles were on their famous tour that Pigman, who owned the charter jets that transported the Beatles, hosted them for two days at his ranch in south Missouri. In his October 1964 newsletter "Mersey Beat," Brian Epstein the manager of the Beatles described it this way:
"There has never been a tour like it, anywhere in the world, not even in the States where the citizens are not easily shaken. The Beatles covered 25 cities in 32 days, played to a total of half a million people and flew 40,000 miles."

"Now and again they managed to sleep. They went swimming frequently, motored a little and John made two uneventful shopping trips which goes to show that even a Beatle can get out and about if he really wants to. It is impossible to highlight any part of the trip since the whole tour was a merging of climaxes and high spots, but there were pleasant moments of relaxation which will probably be more permanent memories than the actual shows. For me –

apart from the natural pride I felt in seeing the Beatles perform in such places as the Hollywood Bowl, the vast Red Rock Stadium in the Colorado mountains and the State Fair Coliseum in Indianapolis - my happiest time was spent on a ranch in the Ozark Hills in South Missouri. This was on September 19, my 30h birthday, and the day before our final American concert in New York."

"From Dallas we flew in our chartered Electra jet to a deserted airfield 70 miles from the ranch in the small hours of the I9th. Our host, the millionaire owner of the airline, met us - the Beatles, Neil Aspinall, Derek Taylor and myself. He piloted us in his own seven-seated, twin engine aircraft to his private air strip at the ranch."

"We spent that night, the whole of Saturday and the following night at the ranch, fishing, horse riding, and lazing about in the warm autumn sunshine, and it was a tremendous tonic for the Beatles, who though they stood up to the tour very well, were tired young men."

"On the flight from Dallas at one-minute past midnight, Paul took over the aircraft intercom and announced that it was my birthday and the Beatles sang Happy Birthday, presenting me with an antique telephone and a set of water glasses."

"The Beatles, though not devoted to the sport, took readily to the saddle, however, and fought majestically for three hours with four high-spirited farm horses, fording the river, climbing steep rocky banks, and emerging without a fall but with several bruises. So much did Paul enjoy riding that he awoke at seven a. m. on Sunday for a further attempt which proved even more painful."

"Work wise; the tour was an outstanding success with capacity audiences at practically all the venues. Every show business record in the States was broken, and the crowd sizes have never been bigger, neither for Presidents nor Presley. Representatives of the American press traveled with the group on their plane, one of which was the late Curt Gunther. His photographs and observations of the Beatles on every day of this particular tour is found in his

1989 book, "Beatles '64: A Hard Day's Night in America."

The airport described in Epstein's article was at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas. They were met there by Reed Pigman, the airline owner. Gunther, Derek Taylor, and Mal Evans traveled to the ranch in a hire car (that's what they call a rented car in England) while Brian Epstein and the Beatles flew with Pigman in his small plane. They arrived at the ranch at 3:30 a. m. and stayed up most of the night where they celebrated Brian's birthday again because Mrs. Pigman had made a special cake with thirty candles on it.

George Harrison, one of the Beatles, remembered flying to the ranch, in what he described a small plane with one or two engines. With the pilot flying on a pitch-black night with a map on his knee using a flashlight to see, the only thing he could think about was the Buddy Holly crash in a small plane. The plane, of course, did not crash or have any mechanical problems but Harrison must have been nervous. (Brian Epstein, the discoverer, and manager of the Beatles died of a sleeping pill overdose in August of 1967.) (Derek Taylor was their press agent, and Mal Evans was the road manager.)

Beatles on Horseback at Pigman Ranch 1964

The Beatles 36 hours at the ranch was packed with action so the young performers could relax and blow off steam. They rode horses, shot pistols and learned to drive a car out in the barn area, supposedly knocking a door off on the corner of the barn.

From another angle and forty years later, people in Walnut Ridge and Alton were interviewed about the night the Beatles landed. The following are some of their comments from newspaper articles.

"Just after midnight on September 19, 1964, Jack Allison, 31, was outside his Polar Freeze drive-in and teenage hangout in Walnut Ridge and saw a large jet circling overhead like it was going to land. He told three teenage boys hanging out at the restaurant about what he had seen. They raced out to the Walnut Ridge airfield in time to see the Beatles entourage get off the plane and leave in another plane. One of the boys, Gene Matthews, who was fifteen at the time, grew up to be the local Sheriff and was killed in a shoot-out. The boys tried to tell others what they had seen but no one believed them. They knew Carrie Mae Snapp, their high school friend, was the biggest Beatle fan around and called her house. It took some persuasion, but her dad finally let her talk to them in the middle of the night. At any rate, word got out, and they found out that the Beatles would return to Walnut Ridge and fly out on Sunday morning. Some of the kids couldn't stay away and went to the airport where the plane was parked unattended. The girls sneaked onto the plane and took the head cushion pillows which they surmised were the Beatles. However Carrie Mae's parents made her take her prize and put it back on the plane.

The young Beatle fans in Walnut Ridge were in a dilemma as their parents expected them to be in church that Sunday morning but some three hundred showed up at the airport to watch the Beatles change planes. (The American Flyer Service (AFS) plane left after dropping off the Beatles, took the Oakland Raiders to play in Houston and then flew onto Walnut Ridge to pick up the Beatles on Sunday).

Several kids from Alton, Missouri ventured out to the main gate at the Pigman ranch and reported that they did, in fact, get to speak to the Beatles from a distance. Two or three teenage boys said they floated the river through the ranch but didn't try to go closer thinking dogs would alert the people at the ranch, one of those boys being Richard Haigwood who is now (2007) the Mayor of Alton. One of the ranch workers said that George, a Beatle, drove a 1960 rented Ford Fairlane car in circles in the barn lot and took a pickup door off in the process. Another ranch worker claimed the Beatles skinny dipped in the river. There were no instruments brought to the ranch so there was obviously no music. (Christie Freeman of Thayer, a World

Champion in Water Skiing, but a teenager at the time, said she could not get permission from her dad, Pat Freeman to go and try to get a glimpse of the Beatles.) Jenny Underwood had two friends stop by and try to get her to ride with them to Alton to see the Beatles. But she didn't believe them and did not go.

The Beatles flew out at noon on Sunday the 20th of September, changed planes at Walnut Ridge and appeared live at the Paramount Theater, at 7th Ave. and Times Square in New York that night. On the 21st of September, they left for London after the five week tour.

The Pigmans with their son Reed, Jr. reportedly visited the ranch often in the sixties but tragically on April 22, 1966 Reed Pigman, Sr. was killed when the plane he piloted flying military personnel crashed near Ardmore, Oklahoma. The crash occurred on a foggy evening when the Lockheed Electra was approaching Ardmore's Gene Autry airport with 92 soldiers and six crew members aboard. The official report said that five crew and 78 passengers were fatalities. The aircraft was listed as a Lockheed L-188C Electra operated by American Flyers on a military Air Command contract. The flight was from Monterey, California to Columbus, Georgia with a service stop at Ardmore, the headquarters of American Flyer Services at that time. The plane missed the runway on an instrument approach and attempted to circle but struck a hill at an elevation of 963 feet (the airport is at 762 feet). The investigator placed the blame on incapacitation of the pilot due to a heart condition. The 1966 report ranked it as the 27th worst air accident in the U. S. at that time. (A memorial stone was erected in June 17, 2000 near where the plane went down on the Goddard Ranch at Springer, Oklahoma.)

Mrs. Pigman kept the ranch operational until Reed Jr. was old enough to supplant her. Ace Pletcher from Ardmore Oklahoma came as the manager in May 1969. Dethrow moved away in June of that year, and Kendall Latham was hired as foreman in August 1969. At that time they were running more than 1,200 head of cattle but that was cut back to between 600 and 800. This was the way it stayed with Latham and a small crew running the ranch. Reed Pigman Jr. sold off the airline portion of his dad's company, American Flyer Service in 1969 and moved the Flight School portion of the business back

to Fort Worth at Meacham Field in 1975. Mrs. Reed Pigman died in the late 1970s. Reed Pigman, Jr. is the President and owner of Texas Jet Incorporated based at Meacham Field. The growing company has an Executive Terminal for private aircraft. In 2003, they had 15 hangers, now expanded to 17, with 260,000 square feet and housing more than 100 aircraft.

Over the course of the early 2,000s, the 13,000 acres began to be split off and sold.

Ozark Scenic Riverways, a 1979 federal project, bought a block of land around the boathouse and a larger block across the river. An easement exists for one-quarter mile on either side of the Eleven Point River, as a part of the Scenic Riverways Act. That easement consists of 1,321 acres from the original Brock Ranch. At some point in time a sawmill crew cut the saleable timber and the land was leased to cattlemen. The bottom land is still being used for pasture and hay.

An ad went out from the National Auction Group showing the Pigman Ranch to be up for auction on November 5, 2002. The listing showed 4,458 acres with the main house, a stone two-story, six-bed room and five bath lodge with a foreman's house, barn and guest houses. The Auctioneer was Eddie Hanes. He was seeking two million dollars. Buyers were listed as Bernie Lowery and business partner Ethel Rabel of Cheyenne, Wyoming at $1,763,125. It was parceled into 12 tracts which sold separately and then the whole was offered with no bidders of the 23 who registered. The paper listed one of the buyers as Mark Garnett of West Plains who picked up 1,162 acres for $412,300.

My friend Dick was leasing part of the land for cattle grazing at one time. There was another listing by the John Roebuck Auction Group in Memphis. The date of the Roebuck auction was to be Saturday, November 2004 at 10 A.M. That ad showed 3,720 plus acres to be split up into seven tracts of 84, 265, 838, 418, 532, 533 and 1,050 acres. The 1,050 tract contained the house and buildings. I also spotted a Century 21 ad listing the place for sale but couldn't find a date. The starting bids on the Roebuck auction site was to be $662 per acre.

Whatever the case, the old Brock Ranch, changed hands. The Frost brothers, saw Millers at Winona and Birch Tree was at one time listed as the owners and the Doyle Frost family was said to be living in the original main stone house.

Then in the summer of 2008, Baker Realty at Willow Springs had an ad listing for sale a "River Ranch." The picture of the main house was the old Brock Ranch house. The ad was for 2, 155 acres in Oregon County at Alton. The price was $2,801,500. They described the main house as a Native Rock with a fireplace of native rock. It said the house was constructed in the 1940's. It showed a manager's house of 2,600 sq. ft. plus two additional older houses that were said to useable and said there were 900 acres of pasture and hay land.

The Ranch changes Ownership

A group known as Buildings for Babies became an owner of a large part of the land around the headquarters portion of the Brock/Pigman ranch in 2009. By 2012, they were struggling to maintain the property and attract visitors to their Christian Camp themed endeavor. They were apparently seeking a buyer but had little success before entering into negotiations with the State of Missouri, Division of Natural Resources. Like-wise the portion of the Brock/Pigman property that became known as The Frederick Creek Ranch had been on the market and was also conveyed in the sale to the state in what is known as the Restoration Projects.

According to state documents, The Missouri Trustee Council includes the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Missouri Department of Natural Resources along with the U. S. Forest Service. In a public meeting on September 2, 2015, they made public their plan to do a number of restoration projects in southeast Missouri and asked for public comments.

In Oregon County the land involved in the sale to the state is south of Highway 160 and east of the Eleven Point River, basically less than half of the old Brock/Pigman Ranch. (East of Eleven Point —

across the river from the subject property is shown on the wildlife maps as The Phillips Ranch).

In February 2016, the Missouri Department of Natural Resources made available a document showing the budgeted amounts for the purchase of land. The projected costs shown from the December 2015 budget was $4,730,000 for 2,775 acres of the Building for Babies land. The total for that project including labor and material was $4,855,963 which also included species to be planted.

A similarly titled document for the Frederick Creek Ranch from the December 15, the budget showed the land cost there to be $3,273,327 cod 2,463 acres and a total project cost to come to $3,575,906. The total projected cost for both parcels of land comes to $8,003,377 and the overall costs is $8,431,869.

The project to preserve these areas is on hold due to litigation.

Trails to Alton

At any rate, the town of Alton, and the surrounding area has not changed a great deal, but there are plenty of new homes and nice farm land that has been improved over the years.

At Alton, highway 160 heads east to Doniphan and west to West Plains. Highway 19 turns right and goes north toward Greer Spring and crosses the Eleven Point River on the way to Winona.

The scenic part of the drive on "19" is after you cross over the Eleven Point River and before you get to the Interstate at Cuba. It's the part where you should consider driving, let's call it "leisurely," as most folks these days can't stand the word slow when it comes to driving or riding in a car.

As you get to the hilly part of "19" after leaving Alton, Greer Spring and the old mill will be on the left. It's a good march down-hill, but it's a moderate trail and worth it. A spring comes out of a cave,

and then shortly down-stream a spring gushes up through the water of the stream and empties into the Eleven Point River.

Anheuser-Bush set its sights on the spring back when the bottled water phenomena took hold but conservationist, Mr. Drey of St. Louis beat them to the punch and bought the property.

Mr. Greer came from Tennessee in 1859 and bought the spring and land from Thomas Simpson who had homesteaded it in 1854. In August of 1860, he built a mill and purchased 1001 more acres. He was in the civil war and made a captain while in Fristoe's Missouri Calvary, but when he got back, his place had been burned by the Bushwacker's. In about 1870 he built a dam in the spring. That's when George Mainprize moved his roller mill equipment from Howell County and went into business with Captain Greer. In 1899, at 79 years of age, Greer sold out to Mainprize.

The Friends of the Eleven-Point River have worked toward restoring this historic gem Greer Mill for future generations to enjoy. On Monday, Jan. 22, 2018 a group of Amish workers stripped the old siding to replace it with pine siding. Depending on the day, four to up to 12 people worked on the building. The project was completed on Thursday, Jan. 25. One project was recently finished and celebrated at an open house in April 2018.

Just down the hill, going north, from the Greer Mill, is where highway 19 crosses the Eleven Point River.

The Eleven Point River was included in 1968 w National Wild and Scenic River Act. The Forrest Service office at Van Buren administers the Eleven Point and only permits access to the river in certain places.

It's about 30 miles and takes a little over 30 minutes travel time to get to Winona from Alton.

You'll see the signs that say's Mark Twain National Forest. Back in 1937, there was the Clark National Forests and the Mark Twain National Forest. In 1976, they combined all the national forests

in Missouri and named them Mark Twain National Forest. The headquarters are at Rolla. Mark Twain National Forest has 104,721 acres inside Oregon County, that's more than any other any county.

About 10 miles before you get to Winona or 7 miles from Greer a Forest Road 3170 turns off to the east then take FR 3164 which turns left again. It's about two miles into the forest, on a dirt road, and then a short hike to find Falling Spring Mill. There is a picnic area, an old cabin and out of a bluff comes a picturesque water fall. The Forest Service say's there are approximately 125,000 gallons of water per day over the falls.

Eleven Point River

Then it is just a skip to Winona and a reminder of the great lumber era of the Ozarks. It started about 1870 and lasted up into the nineteen thirties. There were several lumber companies that operated in the region. Missouri Lumber and Mining Company was the largest. In 1871, the company visited Reynolds, Shannon and Wayne Counties and bought thirty thousand acres of timber for as little as $6.90 per half section and much of it, they got, for about a dollar per acre. In 1879-1880 they bought huge chunks at tax sales, some for as little as 12 1/2 cents per acre.

Grandin is the town, where they put in a giant sawmill, the largest in existence at that time and was the center of the early lumber business. The timber cutters worked in crews and used cross-

cut saws to cut down three-foot thick pine trees before they started on the Oak timber. Two men were expected to cut ten thousand feet per day. The crews lived in tents and moved as they cut the timber. Ninety carloads of logs a day were required to supply the two ten hour shifts in the two mills at Grandin, which turned out 220,000 board feet of lumber per day. At one time they had seven locomotives hauling logs into the mills. The peak of the lumbering industry was in 1899. In total, they cut almost 1.5 billion board feet of lumber from nearly half a million acres of Ozark hillsides.

The majority of the timber cutting, was, for the most part, over by 1931. There was a lot of timber left but with the gargantuan profits no longer there, the large lumber companies shut down. It was "cut and go." The abused land, left by the lumber companies, was no longer even in a salable condition.

Also, In the aftermath of the deforestation, the water table dropped drastically. The thin top soil soon washed away, and then nothing would grow there.

Choked by the silt and gravel washed from the denuded hillsides, the once deep and clear rivers and streams diminished. Springs once found in almost every hollow, disappeared and never flowed again. Some say that the accelerated run-off after the timber was gone has caused more severe flooding.

The people left unemployed when the lumber companies left, found themselves destitute. They had to weather the depression on top of that. Some of the companies tried to establish orchards and sell the land, but it proved futile and to make it worse the hill country people had a habit of burning off the woods each year. They also decimated the wildlife for food.

The forests are trying to regain their grandeur under the U. S. Forest Service, but it will probably take another century for the giant oak and hardwood forests to be fully restored. Selected cutting, no motorized vehicles, and all those things can't fix what time and nature will accomplish.

At Winona, a decision will need to be made on whether to go right, left or straight ahead. Highway 19 turns right onto Highway 60 before turning back north and on to Eminence.

If you stay right on Highway 60, it will take you to Van Buren and Big Spring on the Current River. Its 21.6 miles and will take about 25 minutes. It's definitely worth it. Coming into Van Buren, take Skyline Drive off highway 103 for the scenic way to Big Spring, or you can take a right off highway 60. Big Spring is about three miles south.

Van Buren is the county seat of Carter, County. There is a visitor center for Ozark National Scenic Riverways in the center of town.

We know from experience that Springs and rivers can change with time, that is the way the flow follows the river bed. The conservationists tell us that gravel bars in the Current and Jack's Fork were not there originally, that gravel was washed down from the hillsides after people cut the trees and plowed the ground. And, we've seen how floods change river channels and leave debris.

n April of 2017, a flood of epic proportions hit the Big Springs area demolishing many homes and structures. It wiped out the CCTR horse campgrounds at Eminence and obliterated the small, historic community of Thomasville, Missouri, on the Eleven Point River. Several streets and locations in West Plains, Missouri that had never flooded before, got several feet of water in the business establishments. Pocahontas, Arkansas where the rivers of the Big Springs area dump into the Black River had record flooding in 2017.

In 1933, large tracts of land were being purchased by the government to be put into the Clark National Forests. (Today the Clark has been rolled into the Mark Twain system). The states could not manage the vast timber land and no one had money to pay taxes, let alone purchase the land. In 1936, the Missouri Department of Conservation was established in order to more rigidly enforce the game laws. (People had harvested most of the wild life). It was also during the 1930s that the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers began studies for a dam on the Current River to produce hydroelectric power. In 1941 plans were coming together and had it not been for WW II, it is very likely the first of two or three dams would have been built. Following

the war, plans to dam the river once again resurfaced but in the early 1950s an anti-dam movement became so strong, with articles and pictures against the dams being fostered by conservation writers with both St. Louis papers, that it finally stopped any further plans to dam up the Current River.

Conservationists didn't stop and kept working to get a bill or some plan to protect the river. In 1956, the National Park Service conducted a study and issued a report calling for the establishment of a corridor type park along the Current and Jacks Fork Rivers. In 1960, Congress appropriated funds to do a feasibility study to develop an "Ozarks National Monument" which would include also the Eleven Point River. That brought about strong resistance by the residents and farmers who owned land along the river. The local politicians joined in with the local people because the counties would lose a good portion of their tax base, but in 1962, President John F. Kennedy endorsed the idea. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and other officials went to the region and floated the Current River, after which he gave his endorsement, as well. A bill was submitted to Congress to form the new park, and it passed. President Johnson signed it into law, and the Ozark National Scenic Riverways National Park had become a reality. A formal dedication ceremony was held at the Big Spring in 1972 with Patricia Nixon Cox cutting the ribbon.

At any rate, the water at Big Spring flows into the Current River at the rate of 276,000,000 gallons a day. It's the largest of the huge springs in the Ozarks. Again, development of the trails and facilities go back to the CCC undertakings in 1933. There is, at times, a boat ride concession at the Spring but by all means, walk to the place where the water gushes out of a bluff and forms a swift river that flows into the Current River. It's simply one of the finest rivers in the country.

I hope you remember that mosquitos can be a nuisance in the Ozarks and especially close to water. For sure, take a can of spray. Ticks in the summer is another annoyance. Check and re-check, is what they tell campers.

Returning to Van Buren from the Big Spring and backtracking on Highway 60 to Winona, then going north on "19" you will soon come to Eminence, a charming little town.

Eminence was founded as the county seat of Shannon County in 1841. The county took its name from George "Peg Leg" Shannon, the youngest member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition (by most accounts, only 17 at the time), he later lost a leg to an infection following a skirmish with Indians. Early settlers, from Tennessee and Kentucky were there in 1820.

Prior to the coming of the lumber companies, the settlers of the area around Eminence were mostly farmers. Just as elsewhere in the Ozarks, people were self-sufficient. They made their own soap, grew gardens and hunted for meat, as well as fishing.

The people who lived close to one of the Ozark rivers, before modern conveniences and shopping opportunities, had a culture that included traveling on the river. No doubt, the Indians used the waterways in a major way as did the first white men who followed.

The Current River is famous for "tie floats". Many of the local people cut railroad ties with a broad-ax for a living. They were stacked on a high spot close to the river. In the spring of the year, they put the ties in the river and floated them to the tie yards. Pictures show the river filled with logs or ties, which were tied together in a raft-like fashion. The men who took the ties down-stream rode or walked on top of them. It was a major industry along the Current. To a lessor degree, the ties were hauled to railroad centers with team and wagons. They called the men who made ties by hand, "tie hackers."

To put food on the table, Ozark river people fished. A lot of the time, they used homemade bows and arrows. They made arrowheads from flint rock or put horseshoe nails in a bed of coals and flattened them to a point.

Early Ozarkians did not fish for sport; they fished for food. "Meat fishin" they called it. Eventually, city guys, from St. Louis or other places, came to fish for sport and a lot of time hired Ozark men as guides.

One of the innovations that Ozarkian's helped invent was the "john boat" made from oak lumber. It was a long narrow boat, sometimes as long as 27 feet. The way they used those type boats

was to stand in the back with a pole. The early homemade boats were for commerce, they transported things down river, such as goods for stores. Later, when fishing became a sport, the boats were made much shorter and out of lighter material and now the factory-made boats are of aluminum and plastic. The river people made the boats on the river-bank and once in the water, they left them tied to trees.

Another way of catching fish and especially frogs was with a long pole with sharp spikes on the end. Called "giggin" you stand on the front or bow of the boat. Now, gigging is more of a sport, that is gigging frogs at night with a light. In the by-gone days, they most often used a car-bide lantern, some with head straps and one model was made in a cap.

Some river men caught fish by hand. They called it "noodling" or "hog-ging." It's no longer legal, in most states, but there was a day when guys became proficient doing it, even to the point of making holes and places along the river bank for fish to get in. Here again, it started, as a way to catch big fish, mostly catfish, but it turned into a sport of sorts before it was made illegal.

Ozark people called fishing with a bow and arrow, "Bowin" and "Spikin." A remote place or deep in the woods was called the "Jillikins." "Where are we going hunting?" "Oh, back in the jillikins."

A Missouri Lumber Company saw-mill was at West Eminence, some distance away from today's town of Eminence. West Eminence was a company town, with around four hundred company-built homes. They had running water and bathrooms. The town was said to have fire hy-drants and street lights. That was unheard of for that time in that part of the country.

Eminence is a good place to just hang out. They get lots of visitors in the summer and friendliness is at its best.

The new lodge at Echo Bluff State Park would be a great place to stay and headquarter. Its one mile from Eminence. Other nearby places to see are Round Spring Cave – 1.4 miles, Current River State Park – 2.9 miles, Akers Ferry – 16.2 miles, Ozark National Scenic Riverways 17.8 miles, Alley Spring and mill – 19.7 miles, Powder Mill Cave and Natural Area – 27.4 miles, and Rocky Falls – 27.8 miles. If you get tired

of looking at springs, rivers and caves, Eminence has a golf course.

One of the popular attractions in Eminence, people come from all over the country, is the Cross Country Trail Rides (CCTR). The grounds have stalls and a riding arena just on the edge of Eminence. People love it, and come every year. It's a real horse place. Matter of fact they have 2,470 covered stalls. All kinds of trails through the woods an along the river are available. They have Nashville entertainment, too. Go to info@crosscountrytrailrides.com. Looks like fun, one of the premier trail riding venues in the country. (They got wiped out by the floods in 2017, as we mentioned but according to what we hear, they are building back quickly).

There are three noteworthy springs near Eminence; one is west and two are east. Owl's Bend lies east 12.5 miles on 106 and Blue Spring is a bit further by maybe five miles. Alley Spring and Mill is west on 106.

Owls Bend has a visitor center, open part of the time, and picnic tables. A canoe landing on the Current River can also be found there.

Back on highway 106 and a bit further, then by turning south on 535 will take you to Blue Spring. The Indians called it "the Spring of the Summer Sky." It's a narrow and rough road and then a hike to find the spring. By the accounts in the Forest Service maps, the walk is not a difficult one. At the end of the trail, an observation platform lets you look down into the spring water. It is to the deepest spring in the Ozarks. Divers have gone as far as 256 feet down and did not reach the bottom. Blue Springs averages ninety million gallons a day. The intense blue color is said to be caused by minute particles of mineral or organic matter leaching out of the ground.

A story has long been told about a woodcutter who was working on the steep hillside above the spring pool at Blue Spring. His mule stepped on a hornet's nest and was attacked. The mule ran and plunged over the side of the cliff into the spring pool making a super big splash. When the poor woodcutter ran to the edge and looked down, he could only see bubbles coming to the surface. After a long while the mule popped up to the surface and swam out, minus the wasps, of course.

Alley Spring and Mill is west of Eminence on Highway 106. The Spring is named for John Alley, one of the regions's first prominent farmers and was an early postmaster. With an average flow of eighty-one million gallons daily, the spring wells up from beneath a hundred- foot bluff, mounds slightly into a one-acre pool before spilling over a dam made of river rock and concrete, then the water surges down a half-mile creek to the Jacks Fork River.

Sometime back in the 1920s, the spring stopped. It quit flowing but after about 12 hours, it started up again, and it was muddy. They found out that a large sinkhole collapsed some fifteen miles to the north and the theory is, that the dirt plugged up the underground stream for a time.

Leaving Eminence, going north, back on Highway 19, you will find a quiet almost still looking Round Spring. It doesn't rush out or bubble but rises quietly in a nearly circular basin, about eighty feet across and thirty feet high. It's said to be 55 feet deep and flows on average 26 million gallons daily. The pool is said to rise and fall with the barometric pressure. It has a shade of blue-green that is hard to describe. The Round Spring was made a Missouri State Park in 1932 until 1964 when the people of Missouri decided to donate it to National Park Service. They now include it in the Ozark National Scenic Riverways.

Close by and a part of the Round Spring Park is Round Spring Cave. They have two-hour underground lantern tours. According to their brochure, there are two tours a day.

Nearly fifty springs flow into the Jacks Fork and Current River, and many more springs are under the stream bed. They say that 70% of the water in the Current River comes from springs.

The combined impact on the local economy is considerable when you count the number of visitors that come to the Ozark National Scenic River. According to the National Park Service statistics, the Scenic River Park attracted 1,416,529 visitors in 2010. They calculated that those visitors spent $63,531,000. The salaries of the Park Ranger people at the Scenic Rivers National Park is $5,242,000.

The Missouri State Highway 19 earns its scenic designation as

it winds its way along the ridges and over the creeks to Salem, Missouri. Salem is a pretty town and well worth stopping. However, Montauk State Park is where the Current River originates. Montauk State Park has been around awhile, stated in 1926, and the main shelter was a CCC 1934 project. What the park is best known for is the trout fishing. There is a rainbow and brown trout hatchery in the park. At 90 years old, the park is a bit worn, but it feels like a park and looks like a park with a beautiful stream. It has lodging and dining. Ask someone from St. Louis and they will know about this park. Carl Bolin ran a baseball camp nearby for many years, starting about 1950. A ton of ball players, some well known major leaguer, and coaches have spent time out there. The baseball camp has long been shut down, but the land where it was is now a part of the state park. At any rate, the springs at the north end of the state park are the headwaters of the Current River, and together they flow an average of 40 million gallons of water per day.

About twenty-three miles north of Salem on Highway 19, is the small town of Cherryville. By turning east on State Road 49, about twelve miles is Dillard Mill State Historic Site. There are only three or four homes in the area, but the Dillard Mill is one of the last gristmills in the state to cease operations in the 1960s. The state acquired the property in the sixties and added picnic facilities and guided tours.

Back on Highway 19, and traveling north, you'll come across the Meramec River just north of Steelville. The Meramec is a famous river in a lot of ways. It barely avoided becoming a series of lakes. Congress, 1938 authorized the Corps of Engineers to build several large dams in the watershed of the Meramec after severe flooding in 1927 and 1937. World War II interfered with the construction and all plans were delayed until after the war but by the 1960s, things were well underway to take up the projects. The main dam was to be built at Sullivan, Missouri.

Opposition from the growing environmental movement in the 1960s and 1970s coupled with the failure of the Teton Dam in 1976 caused the public to doubt the value of big dams. Grassroots opposition grew and forced politicians who were once in favor of the Meramec dams, to pull back and reconsider the whole project. Jack Danforth and Tom Eagleton, the two Senators from Missouri, requested that a referendum be placed on the next election ballots. Twelve surrounding counties on the Meramec voted on the issue in 1978. 64% of them voted against

the dams in a non-binding vote, and it caused Congress to reconsider the entire project. Under Jimmy Carter, funding was removed, and in 1981, President Ronald Reagan signed off on a bill de-authorizing the project.

The Meramec is one of the longest free-flowing rivers in Missouri, at 229 miles long. It falls 1,025 feet from where it starts near Salem to where it enters the Mississippi at Arnold, Missouri, just south of St. Louis.

At one time, it was considered the most polluted river in Missouri but today tour boats, fishing boats, gravel barges, canoeist, and all kinds of craft, skiers, and swimmers, can be seen on that river.

This part of the journey ends at I-44 in Cuba. To go back to Oregon County a faster way would be to go south on the Interstate to Rolla and then south on U. S. Highway 63.

However, for those who will be continuing on north on Highway 19, the next recommended stop is Hermann, Missouri. Because of its deep ties with Germany, the region has become known as Missouri's Rhineland. It is a good name because a touch of the Old World is strung out along the last 100 miles of the Missouri River before it joins the Mississippi in St. Louis. Oak and walnut trees cover the low hills, and row crops march across the rich bottomlands. Towns with sturdy buildings made of limestone and brick perch on the high bluffs along the southern bank of the river. Lutheran churches are usually as tall as the Catholic, and homes and businesses were built bomb proof.

Little is known, outside of Missouri until lately, that this is one of the major winemaking areas in the Midwest. Some of the oldest wineries in America were established here. In one of those oddities of history, wine grapes grown here were responsible, in a negative way, for changing the entire French wine industry.

Hermann has been active in the preservation of Missouri's German heritage, and more than 100 of its buildings are on the National Register, which is a major portion of the town of about 3,000.

Hermann was founded in 1837 by members of the Philadel-

phia Settlement Society, an organization of German immigrants who set out to establish a colony in the west that would carry out the ideas of German nationalism. The society bought 11,000 acres in Missouri and sold lots to its members. These newcomers were well educated, and the way they laid out the town and built structures show it.

Grapes were one of the first crops planted because they found that the soil and climate were similar to that of their homeland. The first grapes matured in 1845. In 1846, the vineyards produced 1,000 gallons of wine. Soon wine was the major product in the area, and by 1893 Stone Hill Winery in Hermann was the third largest winery in the world. The largest was in Europe; the second largest was the Lonz winery in Ohio.

Then came the chain of events that had such an impact on the wine industry in Europe and America in the late nineteenth century. It started when wines from Missouri began overshadowing European wines at international competitions. During the 1851 Vienna Worlds Fair, for example, Missouri wines took eight of the twelve gold medals. To fight fire with fire, French vintners began importing rootstock from America, mainly the Norton/Cynthiana vines, which were producing most of the award winners.

Nobody knew until it was almost too late that the American vines carried a root louse called phylloxera. The tiny pest, no larger than a grass seed, had no effect on vines in the Ozarks, but once in France, it began to systematically destroy vineyards. The plaque spread across France, and by 1880 nearly all of the French vineyards were either destroyed or severely damaged.

Many farmers got out of the wine industry as the plague threatened to cross into other countries, but then a Missouri winemaker named Hermann Jaeger and a University of Missouri professor named George Hussman found a cure for the plague by grafting the more sensitive European vines onto the hardy American rootstocks that were immune. It saved the French wine industry. The French then imported an estimated 10 million rootstocks between 1885 and 1890 and replanted many of their vineyards. It is said to have improved the French wines and made the French growers grateful. France bestowed honors on Hermann Jaeger.

Prohibition put an end to commercial winemaking in the 1930s. Hermann Missouri wineries closed. Stonehill winery at Hermann converted to raising mushrooms, but today it is back as a winery. In downtown Hermann is another winery, the Hermanoff, established in 1852, five years after Stonehill started. Hermanoff is said to have the largest wine hall, it's called Festhall, in the world and they have some huge festivals there. It's a popular outing for the people of St. Louis.

To finish off Highway "19" Trail, we need to motor into Hannibal, Missouri, Samuel Clemons hometown. More commonly known as Mark Twain and the author of Tom Sawyer. Its amazing that a mere book of fiction, about a young boy and his friends would have that kind of impact almost a 100 years later. Everywhere one goes in Hannibal, there will be reminders of Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn or Becky Thatcher. In a word, Mark Twain is the best thing that ever happened to the city of Hannibal. An average of 250,000 visitors come to Hannibal each year, and it's more than likely they are there because of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

The town is old as Midwest towns go, laid out in 1819 by Moses Bates and named after Hannibal Creek. Samuel Clemons was raised there because his dad was with the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad which was building a line to St. Joseph in 1846. Hannibal was Missouri's third largest town at that time. The railroad was being built to connect to the town where the pioneers, and wagon trains assembled for their trek westward. Missourians have little inkling of the importance of St. Joseph in settling the west and as an agriculture center in the mid-1800s. The Pony Express started at St. Joseph and that was because the train from Hannibal came with the mail.

Most people know that Clemons took his pen name because of the two words he often heard, while working on the Mississippi riverboats. Mark Twain, means two fathoms or twelve feet. When the deck hands lowered a measuring string into the water to take a depth sounding. Many establishments use the names from the Mark Twain books; there is even a Huck Finn shopping center in Hannibal.

The house Twain grew up in, at Hannibal, is two blocks up the hill from the tall grain elevators in the downtown area of Hannibal. There is a Mark Twain Museum adjoining the house and next door is the

home of Becky Thatcher whose real name was Laura Hawkins. According to what the plaques say, Aunt Polly was really Toms mother, and Tom Blankenship was the name of Huck Finn. The river at Hannibal was wider and deeper than I had imagined it to be when I read The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, as a young lad. To be honest, I have an increased admiration of Tom and Huck after I took the riverboat tour at Hannibal, highly recommended, and saw the islands and deep, swift water of the Mississippi. Their kind of adventures, surely based on some truth, would be fun and scary in anyone's book.

It goes without saying that Missouri is a diverse and scenic state. To best understand it's history, you need to see it up close and throw in a heavy dose of imagination.

THE CCC CAMPS

The CCC Camps provided labor to build the trails in the Oregon County Area near the wilderness. They also built lakes and buildings.

The CCC was established by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Forrester in Chief

FDR crusaded to save and improve America's forests. "Think 3 billion trees planted, crucial landscapes saved, from the Okefenokee Swamp to the Olympic Mountains — and more acreage conserved than the size of California," writes historian Nigel Hamilton. With the crushing weight of the Great Depression on his shoulders, FDR believed planting trees was tangible proof of his long-held conservationist convictions. "Forests, like people, must be constantly productive," Roosevelt told the Forestry News Digest. "The problems of the future of both are interlocked. American forestry efforts must be consolidated, and advanced." To that end he wanted to use forests to ease the economic crisis at hand.

Frances Perkins — the first female Cabinet officer in U.S. history and one of only two Cabinet secretaries to work for the entirety of Roosevelt's tenure in the White House (the other being Ickes) — was tasked with coordinating the recruitment and selection of

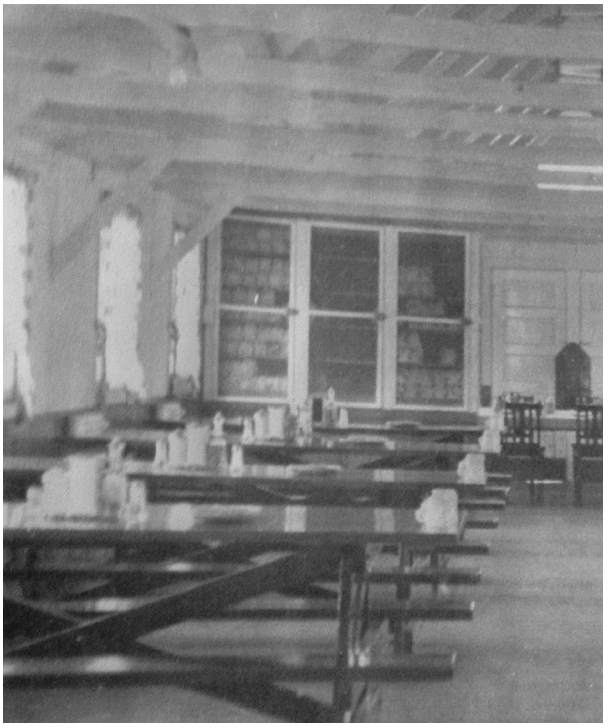
able-bodied CCC enrollees. Initially a quarter of a million unemployed, unmarried "boys" or juniors between ages 18 and 23 (later expanded to 28) were sought. The pool was later widened to include 25,000 veterans of World War I who had fallen on hard times; 25,000 "Local Experienced Men" (LEM) who worked as project leaders in the junior camps; 10,000 Native Americans, who would be assigned to improve reservations; and 5,000 residents of the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Perkins worried that Roosevelt was biting off more than he could chew. However, as the trees got planted, she soon became a believer.

What made the CCC more than just a dazzling work-relief program was the professional expertise the LEM brought to land reclamation. Skilled young physicians, architects, biologists, teachers, climatologists, and naturalists learned about conservation in a tangible, hands-on way. If not for the Great Depression, these workers would have found themselves engaged in upwardly mobile jobs. But by a twist of fate, as many of their diaries and letters home make clear, these LEM were indoctrinated in New Deal land stewardship principles. Later in life, after World War II, many became environmental warriors, challenging developers who polluted aquifers and unregulated factories that befouled the air.

All over America, CCC tent cities popped up like Boy Scout camps; they were soon replaced with rustic barracks. Each company unit of 200 CCC "boys" was a temporary village in itself. All sorts of bylaws, pledges, and rules of engagement were announced. The "CCCers" received three full meals each day and were issued olive-drab uniforms, which included pants, a shirt, gloves, two pairs of underwear, a canteen, and a pair of heavy, steel-toed boots. In time, Roosevelt and Fechner changed the uniform to a spruce-green color for the coat, pants, overseas cap, and mackinaw (the shirt remained olive).

Unlike the army, there were no guard houses, drills, saluting, or court-martials. But morale was important from 6 a.m. reveille to taps at 10 p.m. At just $30 per month, these young men weren't going to get rich: $22 to $25 of their pay was mandated to be sent home to their families; what remained was spent at the canteen, on haircuts and snacks, or at the local nickelodeon. Topnotchers were able to boost their salary by becoming technicians. A gag circulated among new enrollees — "Another day, another dollar; a million days, I'll be a millionaire."

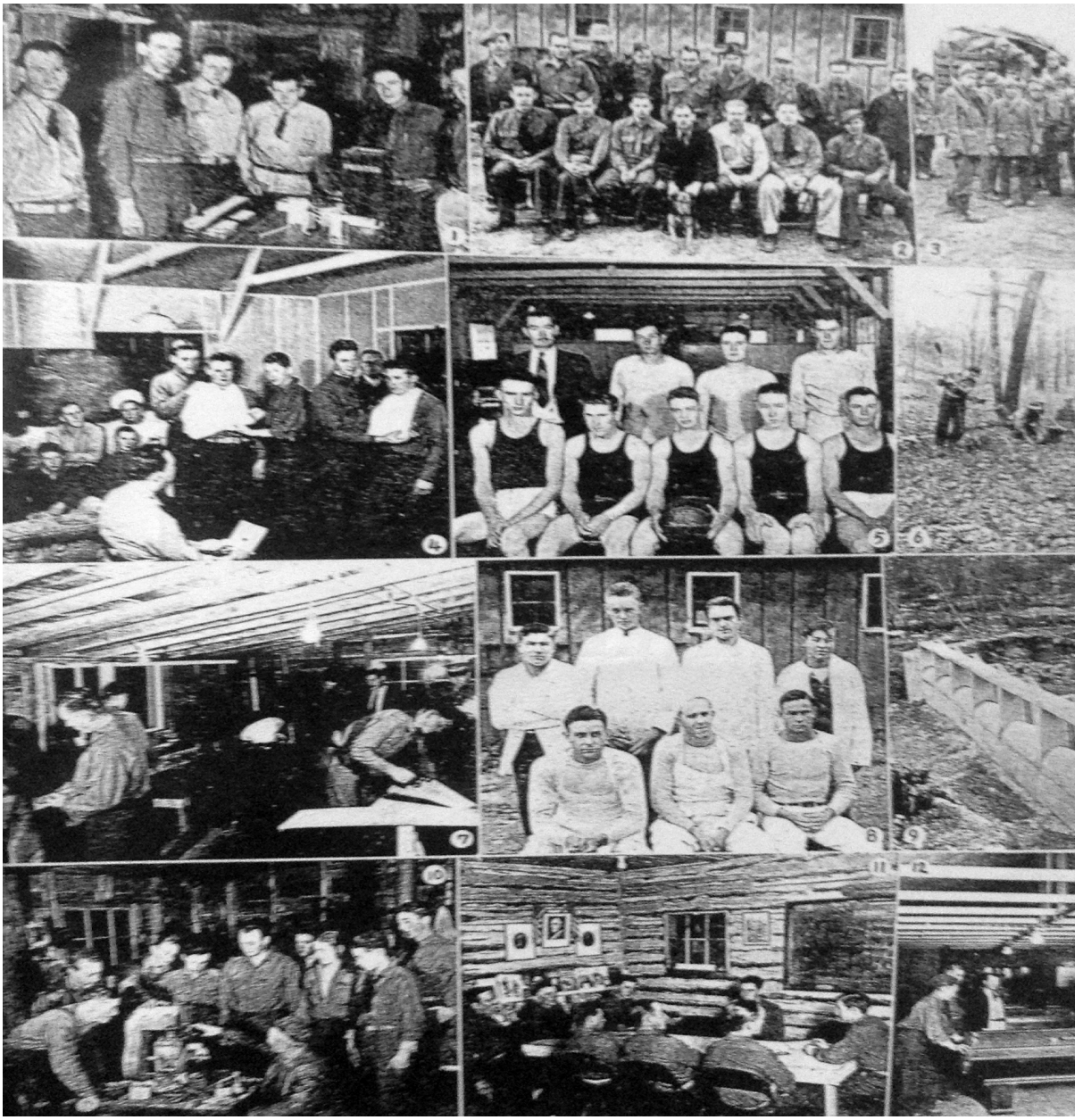
Uniformed enrollees started working at a breakneck pace to plant millions of trees, restore grass, build check dams, practice rodent control and kill invasive or destructive animals, prevent wildfires, and teach bankrupt farmers how to form soil conservation districts. Particularly concerned about California's forests — which drought and arid conditions had made hyper-vulnerable to fire — Roosevelt instructed CCC crews to cut a 600-mile Ponderosa Way firebreak along the base of the Sierra Nevada in California, the longest such protective barrier in the nation. The CCC "boys" were also dispatched to do immediate battle in the drought-ravaged Great Plains and the soil-stricken American South. Even Puerto Rico had CCC camps, employing 2,400 men.



Bardley Mess Hall

CCCers could initially sign up for only six-month stints. Later they could re-up for a total of 18 months, but after that time expired they had to leave the CCC for six months before they could reenlist. When CCC acceptance letters arrived by mail or telegram or even word of mouth in Missouri, whoops and celebrations usually occurred. While there is no proper documentation of how precisely the CCC office in St. Louis selected the first 25,000 men from Missouri, a distinctive pattern emerged. Most Missouri CCCers were skinny as a rail, Caucasian, averaging an eighth-grade education, and lacking meaningful work experience. After passing a strict physical evaluation and receiving vaccinations, they were clay ready to be molded.

Within a year, over 4,000 CCCers, directed by the National Park Service, fanned out in 22 CCC camps and worked in 15 Missouri state parks, the majority in the Ozarks. A total of 342 examples of "rustic architecture" erected in these state parks by the CCC have been listed in the National Register of Historic Places as of 2015 — an astounding testimonial to the craftsmanship of the CCCers.



Each Missouri camp had a company commander, a project superintendent, and an educational adviser. There were also chaplains, doctors, silviculturists (tree experts), agronomists, and engineers. At bugle call, the enrollees made their beds and scrubbed the barracks under the watchful eye of an Army foreman. Because the CCC had certain practices in common with the U.S. Army, it isn't surprising that many military leaders, after initial skepticism, appreciated the CCC. Reserve officers were often in charge of a camp's transportation needs, day-to-day management, and operational regulations. Part of the attraction of the CCC for many men was the seductive promise of three meals a day. Once the orange juice was downed and plates of eggs and sausage were

consumed, the shovel-ax brigade climbed into the pickup trucks that drove them to work sites. At some sites, CCCers drove giant bulldozers and concrete mixers and wielded hydraulic rock-busters and electric saws. It's been said that the CCC recruits in Missouri were more likely to stink of gasoline than smell of pine.

Not long after the CCC was established, the mushrooming camps each launched their own newspapers or mimeographed newsletters to chronicle daily life.

Even though the CCC was dissolved in 1942, the work of the "boys" remains visible from coast to coast. Over the course of its nine-year existence, the CCC conserved more than 118 million acres of national resources throughout America — more acreage than all of California. As the plaque at the School of Conservation in Branchville, New Jersey, reads: "These men participated in the world's most famous conservation program. America will never be able to repay them. All that is great and good about conservation we owe to the CCC."

From the book Rightful Heritage: Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Land of America by Douglas Brinkley. Copyright © 2016 by Douglas Brinkley. Reprinted by permission of Harper, an imprint of Harpercollins Publishers.

BARDLEY CCC CAMP NO. 3751
BARDLEY, MISSOURI by Robert "Bob" Langston

This story on Bardley CCC Camp #3751 is dedicated to the mem-

ory of all the men who served in that camp from its opening in June 1935 to its closing in 1941. The compilation of this booklet began before the Oregon County Genealogical Society of Alton, Missouri on April 26, 2005. A program on the camp was given by former camp member Earl Cotton of Alton, MO. And some assistance by Robert Langston of Couch, MO. The gathering of information began by the writer accessing data from several sources and is intended to convey general information about the camp. The camps existed nationally and were organized on a military order with barracks, mess hall and kitchen, medical facility, educational building, recreation room etc. The Bardley camp was commanded by a professional military man with rank of 1st Lieutenant.

Willard Caldwell at CCC Camp

The camp was situated on the Oregon County/Ripley County line in Mark Twain National Forest. The nearest sizable town being Doniphan. The writer is indebted to Earl Cotton who suggested this April 2005 program and was encouraged by members of OCGS.

Acknowledgement

The United States Forest Service Headquarters and Ranger Station @ Doniphan, MO., their welcoming staff, specifically, Mrs. Sally Zaragoza Archeological Technician for Historical Preservation who spent several hours going through the station archives to provide much of the content of this booklet. She provided a CD of photographs.

To Doris Johnson, OCGS member from Alton, Missouri who encouraged the writer to do the booklet.

To Bob Griffin of the Bob Griffin Agency of Doniphan, Missouri who related his memories and association of Camp #3751 Command-

ing Officer, Lieutenant Herman "Bill" Kobert who was commander from August 1938 until its closing and remained a citizen and businessman of Doniphan to shortly before his death in December 1983.

To The Prospect News of Doniphan for an obituary on Mrs. Kobert.

Brief Service Record
Robert L. Langston
Couch

Oregon County, Missouri

Enrolled October 6, 1938 @ CCC Company #3751 @ Bardley, (Ripley) County, Missouri at age 17 years, 10 months. Honorably discharged September 25, 1940.
Commanding Officer: Lt. Herman W. Kobert.

The following types of work that I performed but not in the following specific order:

Kitchen Police (KP): I believe at the end of my tenure.
One of the duties I specifically remember is the way the silverware was dried. It was placed in a cotton sack, a man @ each end heaved the several pounds of silverware up and down and side to side. This choice took only about 10 minutes eand all the silverware was dry. Some of the other kitchen duties were not so easy.

Built or extended Fire trails.

Maintenance: Some of this work seemed to be more maintenance, (as I recall). A large road grader had been through and done the basic work. We followed through picking up and piling rocks from the trail and cutting brush (no chain saws) several feet wide on each side of the trail. Lunch was peanut butter sandwiches and an orange a canteen of water.

Surveying: Spent several weeks on a survey crew at the end of the chain surveying for lost corners. This was in some of the most remote parts of Ripley County and an occasionally dangerous looking homestead. At one time we ran out of drinking water from our canteens and drank heavily from a pond.

Tree Planting: From provided plants.

All Walks of life were associated with the CCC operation.

Whereas, enrollees ranged from under 18 to veterans of World War I in their 30's and 40's. Camps were in every state plus Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands, working on over 100 different kinds of projects.

Whereas, the CCC became the greatest challenge of human relations in the history of our country. Military leaders from all services branches were challenged to the innate qualities of genuine leadership as the CCC were enrolled retaining civilian status subject only to Civil Law.

Whereas, when World War II was declared after Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, the CCC was not funded for 1942. Eighty-three percnet pre-trained men volunteered for duty in all branches of the services and contributed directly to a shorter war saving many lives and reducing costs.

Whereas, the accomplishments of building, rebuilding, planting, preserving, protecting, and restoring our natural and national resources form 1933 to 1942 are not recorded

Camp Five Pond built by CCC

in our library of history booksd. CCC contributions to World War II from 1942-45 are not recorded.

Whereas, recording the potency, power and spirit of the CCC will influence and strengthen our national fibre, morals conduct, believes, patriotism, and character. Utilitzing CCC history from the hearts and minds of living former members can solve many of the problems today.

Whereas, the CCC's are the largest group of forgotten men and women in the history of our country. Over 4 million CCC people have never been recognized or given credit for what they have done and the living are still doing for our country. Proclaiming April 1989 as the First Civilian Conservation Corps History Month will be a beacon of courage, faith and hope for all who aspire to make our country a better place, one nation under God.

CCC Camps in the Ozarks by Alice Roland

During the worst part of the depression, the CCC camps were an important part of nearly everyone, life in the Ozarks. Many families would have undoubtedly collapsed without the support of these camps. George Martin, formerly of the Cave Springs area, was a participant in the Winona camp. The contributions made by these young men is immeasurable and will last for still many years to come.

The development of the forest area began with the men planting pine and white oak trees. The trees were planted four feet apart with small markers so they could be counted later to determine the success rate. The pines were a huge success but George says, "There probably aren't many white oak left because wild hogs in the area kept rooting up the acorns used to plant the trees."

A game refuge was next on the list of improvements for the area. Fencing off the refuge was first on the agenda. They used three rows of barbed wire to try and discourage poachers. According to George, this effort worked except during deer season when the men had to dress in bright red and guard the refuge. Because the deer population was so low, deer were trapped in Fort Sill Oklahoma and sent to the refuge to help rebuild the number of deer in the area. They also acquired

several turkey and a man to watch them, from Fort Sill. Their next operation was to help the fishing industry.

The building of McCormack Lake was perhaps their greatest contribution to the land in which they lived. The men dug the lake with one diesel shovel and a few dump trucks. They went into the hills to find the sand rock that was used to lay the foundation. These rocks were cut six inches thick and rip rapped (laid end to end). They poured concrete for four days straight and then placed the drain under the lake. Many hundreds of fish were raised in the lake and then placed in the river for the rest of us to enjoy.

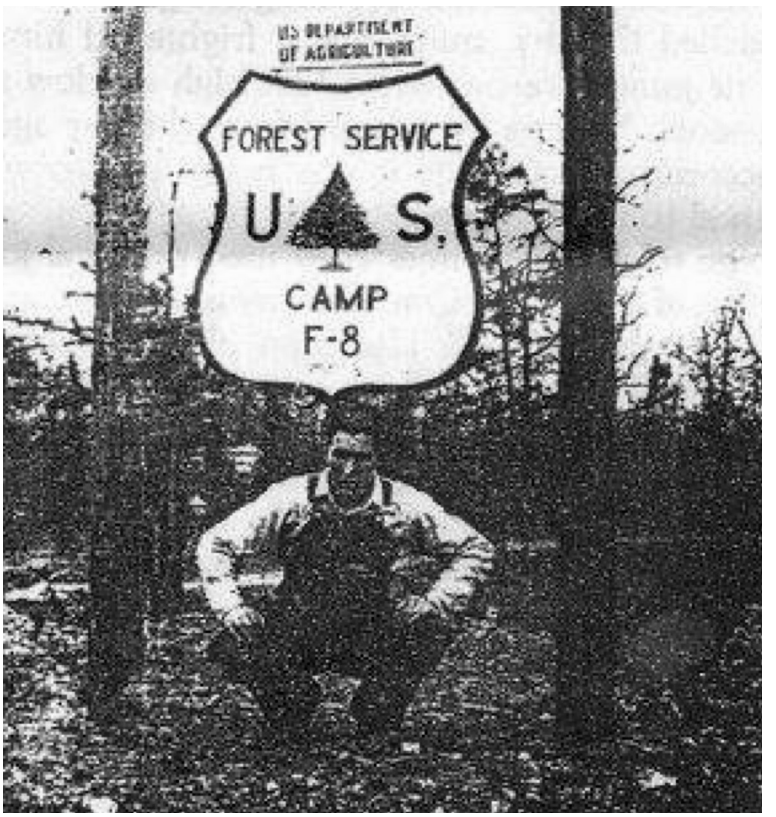
George's personal accomplishments were serving as assistant leader for the camp and becoming fire crew chief. As Asst. leader, he received a raise from $5 to $15 a month and a lot more responsibilities. He now was in charge of all the men who for some reason or another could not work away from the camp, illness for example. George found them work around camp raking leaves and stacking wood. He also taught a literacy class for the men at the camp school and tried hard to teach them to read and write their own name. Being fire crew chief had its difficult moments too. "Running up on a fire that turns out to be moonshiners is no fun!" George remembered. There were rewarding times in the camp and George says he has learned a lot from the classes offered at the school. This was where he learned carpentry which became his profession. The Winona CCC camp was an asset to everyone it touched and its benefits are still affecting those same people today. The men at the camp were allowed personal time when they were not on duty. George and his friends found many ways to have fun everyday. Most of their activities centered around the PX and weekend passes. Practical jokes were also a common form of entertainment.

The PX was a recreation hall that provided several different types of entertainment. They had a stage where area bands performed and camp talent shows were held. There were pool tables and card tables for the gamblers of the group. George still remembers how the men would stay up all night after being paid and then lose every penny to one person. They played poker, five card stud, and various dice games. Outside the PX building on a large screen, movies were shown once a week. The movies were usually current and re-

minded them of home.

Several of the young men discovered a cure for their blues, a weekend pass. The pass excused them from the camp Friday night when a man from Alton would pick them up and take them to town for fifteen cents. From town the boys often would walk home or stay in town to see their girlfriends. After a fun weekend with home cooked meals, the men would catch another ride with the same man, put an additional fifteen cents, and return to the monotonous seeming camp.

Practical jokes were used to break the routine and often as a test. One man came to the barracks drunk and found himself naked in his bed that was sitting on top of the camp septic tank in the middle of the woods. No one ever admitted to knowing anything about how the man and his bed ended up outside the barrack. Belt lines were common for new members especially if they were from out of town. Boys from St. Louis were subjected to these types of jokes without mercy. One joke played on a boy from St. Louis backfired on the group. He was very shy and did not talk at all. No one at the camp had ever heard him talk. It disturbed a few of the men at the camp and they decided to make him talk. One of the group put shaving cream in his mouth while his friend told everyone, "He was having an epileptic fit." The man with the shaving cream in his mouth proceeded to jump out and try to bite everything in sight. When he approached the shy, quiet boy it frightened him so much he jumped out his twelve foot high window and disappeared. No one ever heard from the boy again, and according to George it



was never known what happened to the boy.

George told of two times they used practical jokes as a form of discipline. One man refused to get up on time for wake-up call. The men changed this by nailing his shoes to the floor and bending the nails under the barracks. When the man jumped out of bed, slipped on his shoes, and started for the mess hall he fell on his face. From this time on, he was always the first one up. Another man was always late getting back to the barracks at night. They cured this bad habit by placing a bucket of cold water on the door. When the man came in the bucket fell on his head and got stuck. Everyone pretended they were asleep and no one helped him get the bucket off his head.

Sports became an important part of their lives after a few successful games. Their baseball team did well, but it was the basketball team that truly shined. They played the Thayer baseball team. One year they even won the state competition and were invited to the national tournament. An epidemic however prevented them from going. A few of the players brought mumps back to the camp and therefore the camp was quarantined. Another team was selected to compete in their place.

George had his own source of recreation. When he would go into town some of the girls would send letters to other men in the camp. He was instructed not to read the letters. What the girls did not know was often the men could not read and would ask George to read the letter to them. They would also have him write the reply. Then he would take the letters back to town and act as if he had no idea what was in them.

Even though times were trying and the men were forced to work hard they still managed to find time to enjoy themselves. They used this as a time to learn responsibility, teamwork, many trades, and above all how to have FUN. The times shared in the camp will never be forgotten for they are forever engraved in the heart of every member.

The W.P.A (Work Progress Administration) Built Trails and Schools by Bill F. Combs

For many years now I have reserve a place on the wall in back of my bed. This is a space of history. It is a place that I look upon daily and remember that my Dad, Floyd Earl Combs, did play a big part in things that I enjoy today.

The W. P. A. or Work Progress Administration
began in April 1935- and ended in 1943. There were 8.5 million workers, 651,000 miles of roads and streets built, 78,000 bridges built, 125,000 public utililites and recreation facilities and airports built.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, Entered the White House in March 1933. He was proclaiming a "New Deal."
Many places in Oregon County and other small towns through out had schools started immediately. Many trails became roads for the future to take care of cars.

The schooling system progressed fast by rivers having bridges built across them. Most families in the rural area was sending the boys to the eighth grade and many times one boy would be selected to go to school for the whole family. The girls would get to go through the third grade when possible. Many times the boy that was selected had to live with a kin close to school through the school year.

Bridges were being made to cross the river and trails were starting to become roads. Fence lines were often trails to the W.P.A. workers during the heavy snows of the winter time.

My Dad told me a story that made me know how lucky I am to have had W.P. A.. During the winter time two men had to stay with the fresh concrete on the bridges to keep it from freezing. A bush fire would be kept burning over night to keep the concrete warm. After one shift in the day time my Dad would take an overnight shift, keeping the fires burning. This only had to be done during freezing weather. My Dad told me, "It was a good shift because you got warm."

If you have the pleasure of going to the park, more than likely your grandfather helped build that park in the early days, so don't mess it up.

When we go down the highway, we can think that maybe this highway was a trail and our forefathers built the road and bridges. When we see a school built in the rual areas, your kin may have help build it.

Each rock hammer had an initial on it. My rock hammer on my wall has a big "C" in the middle of the hammer itself for COMBS.

Appenix Articles:

Indian Trails History

Source: Dr. Carl Chapman, The Archeology of Missouri, 25.

Dalton 8,000 to 7,000 BC

Prehistoric people appeared along the Current in greater numbers after the extinction of the great mammoths and after people began to routinely subsist on foraging for nuts and berries in addition to the old reliance on hunting. A transitional "Dalton" period of approximately one thousand years introduced the transformation in Missouri. The settlement and social patterns of of people in the Dalton era resembled that of the Paleo-Indians. People continued to live in small nomadic bands, consisting most likely of related families, and moved frequently in the quest for food. Yet the Dalton people adapted their method of subsistence to a world without mastodons. Instead of hunting big game, they hunted small animals such as deer, rabbits, squirrels and raccoons. They also gathered wild vegetables and fruits. At Dalton sites, a relative abundance of materials such as mortars, manos, grinding slabs,

cupstones and hammerstones suggest a greater dependence on nuts, berries, and other plant food. Along the Current and Eleven Point rivers, the discovery of serrated knives and Dalton points at several prehistoric sites

Archaic Period 7,000 to 1,000 BC

During the early phase, foraging practices supported a semi-nomadic existence with family groups traveling from camp to camp in small defined hunting grounds where they selected campsites based on the seasonal availability of different plant foods. The Early Archaic people also fished and collected shellfish. Changes in material culture distinguished the Middle Archaic phase. Tools and garments, such as small side notched projectile points, grooved axes, and twin fabric sandals, were introduced.

Woodland 1,000 BC to 900 AD

The appearance of the first ceramics defined the Early Woodland culture and encouraged a sedentary trend since pottery facilitated the storage of food and water and since the "permanent less portable possessions" restricted mobility. In addition, the construction of mounds and earthworks, an illustration of elaborate ritual life," required a sizable labor force and suggested a greater degree of social organization than existed in previous periods.

During the period, Ozark villages grew larger and more isolated, and the inhabitants developed some horticulture. Yet the Ozark people continued primarily to subsist from hunting and gathering throughout the Woodland era.

Mississippian AD 900 to 1700

These people settled in villages along rivers and streams of the Mississippi valley, where they fished, farmed, and hunted. They depended foremost on the cultivation of maize but also raised squash and beans. First refined in central Mexico, these three cultigens were North America's major crop contributions to the world. Deer was the principal animal hunted. Mississippian society established a rigid social order of nobles, commoners, and slaves under the leadership of ruler-priests.

These people of the southeast Ozarks appear to have developed two distinct Mississippian characteristics, shell-tempered ceramics

and short-stemmed arrow points. Along the Current and Eleven Point rivers, archeologists have identified three kinds of Emergent Mississippian sites—ceremonial centers, small villages, and temporary campsites. About thirty miles above the confluence of the Eleven Point and Black Rivers, Pigman mound is the largest ceremonial center. A number of villages once occupied terraces along the Current and some existed by A.D. 700. Sedentary or semi-sedentary in nature, these settlements probably contained, at the most, a dozen dwellings.

Post Mississipian 700 AD to 1500 AD

Little archeological evidence suggests any occupation along the Current and Jacks Fork rivers in the immediate centuries after the Mississippian people moved southeast of the riverways. Native Americans made only temporary forays into the southern Courtois Hills between the end of the thirteenth century and the initial settlement by white Americans.

1541

The first recorded evidence of Native Americans in the Ozarks began with the Spanish exploration of Hernando de Soto. In 1541, when De Soto's army crossed the Mississippi River, it found well established agricultural societies in northern Arkansas and southeast Missouri. Fear and violence characterized the first meeting of the cultures. The Spanish encountered the people of Pacaha near the Mississippi River and overran their village. The Indians quickly succumbed to the mounted, musket-bearing conquistadors and their war dogs and offered the invaders supplies and gifts. After this skirmish, other bands in the region followed the example and sent the invaders supplies and other tokens of friendship.

The Spanish invaders, despite the violence and disease accompanying them, also left a more positive legacy in their introduction of the horse and hog to North America. Moreover, violence was by no means one-sided, as the Spanish suffered a number of surprise attacks from the Indians. Fighting and disease killed approximately one half of the 620 members of De Soto's army.

French explorers, traveling in small groups during the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made a more significant contact with the Missouri Indians and left a more detailed record of these Native Americans.

After 1763, when the Spanish controlled Missouri following the French and Indian War, the commander at St. Louis reported the Osage, Missouri, Otoes, and Mahas inhabited the Missouri River district. Many of these tribes received gifts and annuities from the Spanish government and established a regular trade with the Europeans at St. Louis

The Osage nation dominated much of the territory south of the Missouri River. They claimed to control an area from the Missouri River south to the Arkansas River and from within the present day state of Kansas east to the Mississippi River.

The tribes led a semi-sedentary existence; they occupied permanent villages but traveled to various hunting grounds throughout the year. The hunting trips extended across Missouri and into the surrounding states, as the Osage went west after buffalo and south and east for deer and bear. These hunting expeditions routinely crossed into the eastern Ozarks. In 1818, Henry Schoolcraft discovered an empty Osage hut just west of Potosi in southeast Missouri. Ten years earlier, the Osage had ceded to the United States their claim to the eastern three-fourths of Missouri; however they continued to hunt and trade in the region. Fear of the Osage among settlers south of the Current River prevented Schoolcraft from obtaining a guide to lead him southwest into the Arkansas region.

While frequently hostile to white settlers, the Osage were also in a perpetual state of war with a number of Indian nations. For decades, they waged an ongoing conflict with the Sac and Fox to the north, the Pawnee to the west, and the Caddo to the south. In the early nineteenth century, they frequently engaged Cherokees and other tribes migrating across southern Missouri and northern Arkansas from the east. These conflicts heightened after the Cherokee population on the lower Arkansas River, a favorite hunting ground of the Osage, rose to approximately three thousand after the War of 1812. The Indian wars continued with few interruptions until the Osage ceded their land, totaling forty-five thousand square miles in Missouri and Arkansas, to the United States in the Treaty of 1825. They agreed to settle on a reservation along the Neosho and Verdigris rivers twenty-five miles west of the Missouri state line. Facing few alternatives, the Osage accepted the unfavorable treaty because of mounting war casualties and, most importantly, because of their growing impoverishment. Like other Indian nations

in contact with the westward-moving whites, the Osage had become dependent on an intercultural trade network with the Americans and on annual annuity payments from the federal government. The United States reduced or withheld the annuity payments and paid the money for damages in suits brought by white settlers and other tribes against the Osage. The loss of funds left the Osage destitute. [5]
A regular trade between the Osage and whites began soon after the early contact between the two and represented a common pattern of exchange between the cultures on the frontier. Despite their often hostile treatment of white settlers, the Osage early developed a relative amiable relationship with the roving French trappers and traders in the early eighteenth century. It was common for French traders to marry into the Osage tribe, which enhanced the business connections. As a result of the trade, the Indians received guns, ammunition, blankets, and other goods.
Large land grants awarded by the Spanish government to two experienced Indian agents stimulated the influx of several thousand Shawnee and Delaware into the Missouri Ozarks during the 1780s.

It was during this third period of Delaware and Shawnee migration through Missouri, 1812-1837, that some Delaware established villages for a short time on the Jacks Fork River southwest of present day Eminence. In the years 1815-1822, the Delaware lived and hunted the Upper Current River basin and participated in the Ozark Indian trade network.

A Delaware and Shawnee blood line in portions of the Ozark population and an illusive archeological record represent less visible remnants of the eastern Indians' presence.

Trails by Early Settlers of Rural Community on the Ozark Frontier, 1815-1850

The early white American settlers in the southern Courtois Hills of the Ozarks, for the most part, were native-born Americans of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Part of the westward movement of the upland Southerners, they adapted their "stockman-farmer-hunter" economy to the wooded hills of the Current River basin. Before the invasion of land speculators, the Civil War, the railroads and large-scale corporate lumber, the southern uplanders planted their hill and riverine communities with little contact from the outside society. Although far from shut off

completely from the "civilized world," they largely defined the nature of their isolation before 1850. The difficult, dissected Ozark terrain made movement in and out of the region arduous, and the early permanent settlers built communities with close kinship ties that reflected their uplander heritage adapted to the Current River environment. The homeland developed a frontier culture on the Current that resembled but very much differed from the highlander societies of Appalachia. Even along the Current itself, the nature of the dispersed open frontier communities varied. The frontier quality of the Current reflected the isolation of this rugged hill country and the character of the people that it attracted. The area was largely bypassed during the early populating of Missouri and the Middle West.

Up to 1850, 98 percent of the people who moved into the Ozarks followed three basic migration paths: a central route from Kentucky and Tennessee, a northern one from Illinois and Indiana, and a southern one from Alabama and Arkansas. Most of the settlers traveling from the northern or southern routes, however, originated elsewhere.

https://www.nps.gov/parkhistory/online_books/ozar/hrs3.htm

During the 1850s, the American born Scotch-Irish uplanders continued as the dominant influence in the Courtois Hills and Current River country. For the most part, other settlers avoided the rugged hill country. Large numbers of Germans concentrated in the Missouri valley and, like other immigrant groups, they rarely ventured deep into the Ozark hills. The Irish-Catholic settlement southwest of the Current stood out as the exception. [29] The Civil War and the accompanying guerrilla-feud activities dismantled the Irish colony and scattered the Irish families to areas in and out of the Ozarks.

OREGON COUNTY CAVES.

THE GRAND GULF (Excerpt From: Luella Agnes Owen (early Cave Explorer). "Cave Regions of the Ozarks and Black Hills." iBooks written in 1898)

Oregon County, Missouri, is also fortunate in having within its limits the Grand Gulf, which has been declared by competent judges to be

one of the wonders of the world; and it offers a combination of attractions that certainly entitles it to an important place among a limited few of America's choicest scenes.

The Gulf is nearly nine miles northwest of Thayer, Missouri, and about equally distant from Mammoth Spring in Arkansas, just a little south of the Missouri state line. The drive is a pleasant one, as the road winds among the forest-clad hills and passes occasional fields of cotton and corn; but having been macadamized in very ancient times by the original and all-powerful general government of that early period is somewhat rough, yet threatens "no danger greater than the destruction of wheels.

The only approach to the Gulf is over the hill-tops; and the entrance in past times, while it was still a cave, must have been a sink-hole in the roof of the largest chamber. This chamber is now the upper end of the Grand Gulf, and into it we descended by a rugged path, our eyes to adjust themselves to the changed condition, from brilliant sunlight to absolute darkness, broken only by the feeble strength of three candles. It was noticeable that in "the moist atmosphere of the Missouri caves, three candles were not more than equal to one in the dry caves of South Dakota.

Very soon we were able to continue the inspection of our surroundings, and the large passage we were in would more properly be called a long chamber, of irregular width but averaging about thirty feet. This ends abruptly nearly five hundred feet from the entrance, but a small passage scarcely more than six feet high runs off at right angles, and into this we turn. It is not quite so nearly dry as the outer chamber, and at a distance of less than one hundred feet we suddenly come to the end of dry land at an elbow of the silently flowing river whose channel we had almost stepped into. The ceiling dipped so we were not able to stand straight, and the guide said he had never gone farther; but to his surprise here was a light boat which I am ready to admit he displayed no eagerness to appropriate to his own use, and swimming about it, close to shore, were numerous small, eyeless fish, pure white and perfectly fearless; the first I had "ever seen, and little beauties.

By burning magnesium ribbon we saw that the passage before us was a low arch and occupied from wall to wall by water, the direction of the flow being into another of somewhat greater size at right an-

gles to that by which we had come, and at the mouth of this lay the boat. The distance we could see in either direction was of tantalizing shortness, and the boat was provided with no means of guidance or control, save an abundance of slender twine which secured it to a log of drift from the outside; so I decided to leave my companions in charge of the main coil of twine while I went on an excursion alone, there being not much evident cause for apprehension as no living cow could ever have made the trip to this favored spot.

Although the water looked perfectly placid, the boat drifted with surprising speed, so that the two scared faces peering after me were soon lost sight of. The channel was nowhere more than six feet wide, consequently as the boat inclined to drive "against either wall I was able with care to keep it off the rocks with my hands, and in the same way guide it around the sharp turns in safety. After several of these turns there appeared the mouth of a passage so much smaller that the roof was only twelve inches above the sides of the boat and I could touch both walls at the same time. By running the boat across this it was held in place by the current, and I could sit at ease and enjoy the position, which even the least imaginative person can readily conceive to have been a novel one.

The small eyeless fish had been noticeable in the water everywhere but now came swimming about the boat in an astonishing multitude, and as unconscious of any possible danger as bees in a flower garden. Having no eyes, they were naturally undisturbed by the light, so the candle could be held close to the water for a satisfactory examination of the happy creatures.

They bore a striking resemblance to minnows, although a few were larger, and it is claimed that four "or five inches are sizes not unusual, but they happened not to be on exhibition. Even dipping a hand into the water in their midst occasioned no alarm, and they might have been caught by dozens.

The guide now loudly called that he had fears of the twine being cut on the sharp edges of rock, and that cutting off all possibility of the boat's return, which being sufficiently reasonable, explorations were indefinitely suspended, and a landing soon made. The cam-

era and flashlight were then prepared for taking a view, and a point of light being needed to work by the nephew was asked to sit in the boat with his candle, to which he readily consented; but judging from the developed picture it may be doubted if his pleasure at the time was extremely keen.

On leaving the cave the guide said it would not be necessary to return to the upper end of the Gulf in order to reach the surface, as the ascent could be made in another place; and leading the way to the left of the entrance he started up the nearly perpendicular wall, more than two hundred feet high, by a sort of "blind trail" that would have caused a mountain sheep to sigh for wings, but it was very beautiful.

We walked over to the wagon road on the high ridge above the middle of the bridge and going down the forest-clad slopes to the perpendicular wall in which is the smaller of the great arches, admired from this fair point of view the marvelous grandeur of one of the greatest natural wonders.

The weather being perfect after a rain the day before, there was no need of haste to get indoors, so we lingered into the afternoon and then drove to the Mammoth Spring, in Arkansas, a short distance south of the Missouri state line, where the Cave River, just visited, comes to the surface in a bounding spring of great force. The distance being little less than nine miles.

The basin filled by the Spring might be called a lake, as its size of two hundred by three hundred feet gives it that appearance, and the color is a remarkable deep blue. The volume of water is so nearly uniform that the height seldom varies more than two or three inches, but three years ago a storm of unusual violence carried out most of the native fish, and in restocking from Government supplies, the clear, cold water suggested an experiment with mountain trout which are found to be doing well.

Where Mammoth Spring flows out its power is utilized by a flour mill on one bank and a cotton mill on the other, and the water flowing on forms Spring River, well known for the charm of its beautiful scenery.

This Spring is described by Dr. David Dale Owen in his First Report of a Geological Reconnoissance of the northern counties of Arkansas, 1857 and 1858, pp. 60-61.

GREER SPRING. (Excerpt From: Luella Agnes Owen (early Cave explorer). "Cave Regions of the Ozarks and Black Hills." free iBooks. written in 1898)

Oregon County is also at the extreme southern limit of the State of Missouri and was visited, not because its caves are supposed to be either finer or more numerous than those of all the other Ozark counties, but on account of remarkable attractions associated with them that are not known to be equaled, or even subject to rivalry, by any similar works of nature in any portion of the world.

The most convenient railway point is Thayer; the station hotel affords comfortable accommodations for headquarters, and the last days of September proved a charming time. The foliage was in full summer glory, refreshed by a gentle and copious rain, and the insinuating tick had already retired from active business until the following season.

The carriage having been ordered on condition of its being a clear day, we left Thayer at eight o'clock on a perfect morning to visit Greer Spring, and were soon in the depth of the beautiful Ozark forest, from which we did not once emerge until Alton, the county seat, was reached, the distance traveled being sixteen miles. Here we stopped for dinner at the small hotel kept "by one of the old-time early settlers who came to the region before the war. The dinner was a surprise, and received the highest commendation possible to a dinner, the hearty appreciation of a boy. A young nephew, Arthur J. Owen, having been invited to act as escort on the trip, found all the varied experience in cave hunting fully equal to the pictured joys of anticipation. After a large bell suspended somewhere outside had notified the business public that dinner was ready to be served, we were invited to the dining-room, where on a long table was the abundance of vegetables afforded by the season and sole of an almost tropical state, and cooked as the white-capped chef of the great hotel, where the warm weeks were spent, had not learned the secret of; and the delicately fried chicken was not of that curious variety, commonly encountered by travelers, in which the development of legs robs the centipede of his only claim to distinction. As the dishes cooled they

were removed and fresh supplies brought in.

Our driver received directions about the road and we started on another drive of seven miles. These directions were "to follow the main road to the forks, and then keep to the Van Buren road and any one could tell us where Captain Greer lives."

The road was, as before, through the park-like forest, and as before, lay chiefly along the ridge, so that where clearings had been made for farms there were fine views over the distant country, which everywhere was forest-covered hills, of a rich green near at hand but changing with the growth of distance, first to dark, and then to lighter blue.

In these forests were fine young cattle and horses, and uncounted numbers of "razorbacks," or as they are otherwise called, "wind-splitters." For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the names, it might be well to "explain that they are the natural heirs of the native wild hog of Missouri and Arkansas. The nephew was greatly amused at seeing many of them with wooden yokes on their long necks, to prevent an easy entrance into fields and gardens by squeezing through the spaces between fence rails. These animals are such swift runners it is said they can safely cross the railroad between trucks of the fast express. Their snouts are so long and thin, it is also claimed that two can drink from a jug at the same time; never having seen it done, however, this is not vouched for, but merely repeated as hearsay."

"After a time we stopped to inquire the way of an old man dipping water from a pond by the roadside. He told us he was dipping water to wash the wheat he was sowing in the field just over the fence, and that we reach the forks, then to keep the Van Buren road, pass two houses on the left, a white one on the right, another on the left and then inquire the way—anyone could tell us, and Captain Greer would show us to the Spring, "for he is a mighty accommodating man."'"On we went to the forks where in the point of the Y stood a large tree with a Van Buren sign-board on one side, and in the direction it pointed, we turned, although rather reluctantly, for it looked little used and rocky, while the other was in good condition; but we followed the sign-board and had no misgivings until it began to be realized

that a great deal of time was being passed but no houses. The morning had been very chilly, but now the atmosphere was just at that balmy point between warm and cool that makes mere living an unqualified luxury; and added to this we soon found ourselves in a deep cañon no less beautiful than the justly celebrated North Cheyenne Cañon near Colorado Springs.

There was now no doubt that we were on the wrong road, but such magnificence was unexpected and not to be turned from with indifference. For some distance the road makes a gradual and rather perilous looking descent along the steep and broken slope on the shady side of the ancient river's great retaining-wall, while that opposite is glorified by the brilliant glow of the afternoon sun, which adds an equal charm to the rich, luxuriant foliage below and the tall stately pines that adorn, without concealing, the grey rock they proudly cling to, or that rises in a protecting rampart three hundred feet higher than the cañon bed, with banners of the long-needled pine waving above to proclaim the perfection of Nature's undisturbed freedom.

"The road descending crosses the thread of water still flowing among the great rounded boulders left by the former torrent, and our view is changed to one of dense, but by no means melancholy, shadows, with a crown of golden sunlight; and presently the course of the cañon turns to the east, and it is all filled with the yellow rays and we notice the bright red hawthorn berries, and masses of hydrangea still showing remnants of their late profusion of bloom. We Missourians have a great love of fine scenery and generally take long journeys into other states in order to gratify the taste, while quite unconscious of the wonderful beauty and grandeur of the Ozarks."

"Where the cañon begins to broaden into a small sheltered valley as it approaches Eleven Points River, we turned and retraced our way to the forks, and a short distance beyond to a house where we might again inquire. A woman came to the open door as we stopped and in answer to a question said: "You ought to have asked me when you passed here a while ago."

"Apologies for the seeming neglect" were offered and accepted, then she explained that both roads went to Van Buren but not to

Greer Spring, where in due time we at length arrived.

The house being in one corner of a "forty" and the spring in that diagonally opposite, there was a walk of nearly that distance before coming to an old road inclining steeply down into what looked to be a narrow cañon. About midway of this sloping road, the space confined between perpendicular walls, rising to heights above on one side and descending to the stream on the other, widens suddenly and a picturesque old mill comes into view, it having been wholly screened from the approach by the rich growth of shrubs and trees. Chief in abundance among this luxury of leaf was the hydrangea,—a favorite shrub largely imported into this country from Japan before it was discovered as a native. The mill site seems to have been selected for its beauty although we were told that at this point the stream is seventy-two feet wide, and two and one half feet deep, but could be raised thirty feet with perfect safety by a dam, for which the rock is already on the ground and much of it broken ready for use. The flow is said to be two hundred and eighty yards per minute, with no appreciable variation, and never freezes. The high walls of the Greer Spring gorge will, of course, far more than double the value it would otherwise possess, when it becomes desirable to control and turn to practical account the power now going so cheerily to waste, but the artistic loss will be proportionately severe."

"The old mill was the scene of great activity in former times, but was closed on account of an unfortunate accident and for years has had no other duty than simply to serve as a portion of the landscape.

Just beyond, the cañon makes a curving bend, the road dwindles to a narrow path and we behold the most beautiful scene imaginable.

The cañon has come to an end and is shut in by a graceful curve of the high, perpendicular grey walls that are crowned with trees and shrubs, and decked below with a thick carpet of bright green moss. In this basin, which is nearly one hundred feet across, Greer Spring plunges up from beneath through an opening nine feet in diameter, in the midst of a pool of water six feet deep, and having an unvarying temperature of forty-nine degrees throughout the year. This water is so perfectly clear that not the least pebble is obscured from

view, and the color scheme is most marvelous."

"Where the great spring forces its way to the surface, the water is a deep, brilliant blue with white caps, and its falling weight keeps clear of moss a large spot of fine, pure, white sandstone, while all the balance appears a vivid green from the moss that thrives beneath the moving water; and surrounding these are the handsome, foliage-decked grey walls. The edges of the basin are thickly strewn with fallen rocks deeply covered with moss, in which small ferns are growing, and on these gay stepping stones we crossed to the head-wall of the cañon to find ourselves at the open mouth of a cave from which flows a clear, shallow stream to join the waters of the Spring in that wonderful basin. The entrance to the cave is an arch about fifteen feet wide and twelve feet high, with the clear, shallow stream spreading over the clean rock floor from side to side. Here now was presented a difficulty. Truly the cave was not quite dry. The water was about ten inches deep, and my boots in Thayer. Contrary to advice, however, my nephew had brought his, and with a boy's kindness loaned them "while he made the trip with bare feet and rolled up trousers."
"A short distance within, the cave widens and the floor of the extension being somewhat higher, is dry, but the roof drops so low over it that the water-course is an easier route of travel; and this soon widens into a lake above which the ceiling rises in a broad dome less than twenty feet in height, and "

"hung with heavy masses of dripstone draperies of varying length, from five to seven feet; and all the ceilings are fringed at various heights with stalactites of every size and age, some being a clear, colorless onyx, while others proclaim their great age in the fact that they have so deteriorated that the onyx texture is either partly or completely lost, and what was once a pure drip crystal has returned to a common, porous, dull-colored limestone so soft that portions can be rubbed to powder in the hand.

Picking the way carefully as the depth of the lovely lake increased, we followed the sound of falling water and peered into the dark distance in a vain effort to see it, yet expecting to reach that special object of interest by keeping to the shallower parts of the lake. These expectations were shattered suddenly when the boots filled with water,

and that called to mind the fact that twenty-three miles and a chilly night lay between us and dry clothing; so we returned to the outside world and rested on the rocks where Captain Greer and our young driver waited for us. The cave has never been "fully explored, and probably we penetrated farther than others have ever done, as the owner knew nothing of the falling water we so distinctly heard and were surely very near."

"The view from the rocks is wonderfully beautiful and includes both the entrance to the cave, with its flowing stream, and the receiving basin with its bounding stream. But it was growing late in the afternoon, and there was another cave whose entrance was in the perpendicular wall above the end of the path by which we had come. This entrance could be reached by a dilapidated ladder; assisted by a forked pole and supplied with candles and matches, my nephew and I achieved the ascent with not much trouble. Here we found what is, no doubt, one of the oldest caves known."

"The original cavity is nearly filled up with masses of onyx—colorless crystal and white striped with pale shades of grey. The cave is perfectly dry and freshly broken surfaces in some places show signs of deterioration, so how can we venture even a guess as to "

"the time it has required to first excavate the cave and then fill it with masses of rock deposited by the slow drip process, and later, for that crystalline rock in a now dry atmosphere to present a perceptible weakening? We went as far as passages could be crawled into, which was no great distance, and at once started on our uncertain descent of the ladder; but this was not a matter of so much concern as the upward trip, for the success of which some doubts were entertained; for going down is always naturally a less certain matter, as one can fall if more desirable means are unsuccessful, and I have unexpectedly reached many coveted points in this simple manner.

Taking a last look at Greer Spring with its cave river, grey walls, gay with foliage, and all the harmony of color and form combined in the narrow cañon that was once the main body of a great cave, I re-

called views on the Hudson River and in the mountains of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and others out in the Rocky Mountains

Greer Mill Picnic

in Colorado and the Wausatch in Utah, but amid all their wonderful "grandeur and famous beauty, could remember no spot superior to this masterpiece of the Ozarks."

The proprietor of the Spring and a thousand acres of land adjacent, took personal possession on the day of Lincoln's first election, to establish a home.

The sun having failed to consider our wishes was now about to disappear in a gleaming flood of gold, so the return to Thayer that night was out of the question. Our host and his wife observed that fact and cordially invited us to remain for the night and as much longer as we would like to, but being unwilling to impose on kindness to such an extent, we returned to the hotel in Alton, and now urgently advise that those who ever have an opportunity to enjoy

a moonlight drive through the Ozark forests should not let it pass unimproved."

Index

Page	Title
1	Introduction
1	The Start of the Trail: Mammoth Spring
5	Granny Blue by Anna Jean Keller
13	Trails to Warm Fork of Spring River: Max Evans
23	Grand Gulf
23	Dorothy Ellis and her Trails to Eternity by Jenny Underwood
24	Preservation of Grand Gulf
27	The Irish Wilderness
29	Greer Mill
33	Moving on Upstream by Max Evans
36	"The Ranch." By Sondra Morgan
45	The Beatles visit the Ozarks
51	The Ranch changes Ownership
52	Trails to Alton
66	The CCC Camps
70	Bardley CCC Camp No. 3751 Bardley, Missouri by Robert "Bob" Langston
74	CCC Camps in the Ozarks by Alice Roland
77	The W.P.A (Work Progress Administration) Built Trails and Schools by Bill F. Combs
79	Indian Trails History by Dr. Carl Chapman
84	Oregon County Caves: The Grand Gulf by Luella Agnes Owen
88	Greer Spring by Luella Agnes Owen